Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/albertpinkhamryd00sher

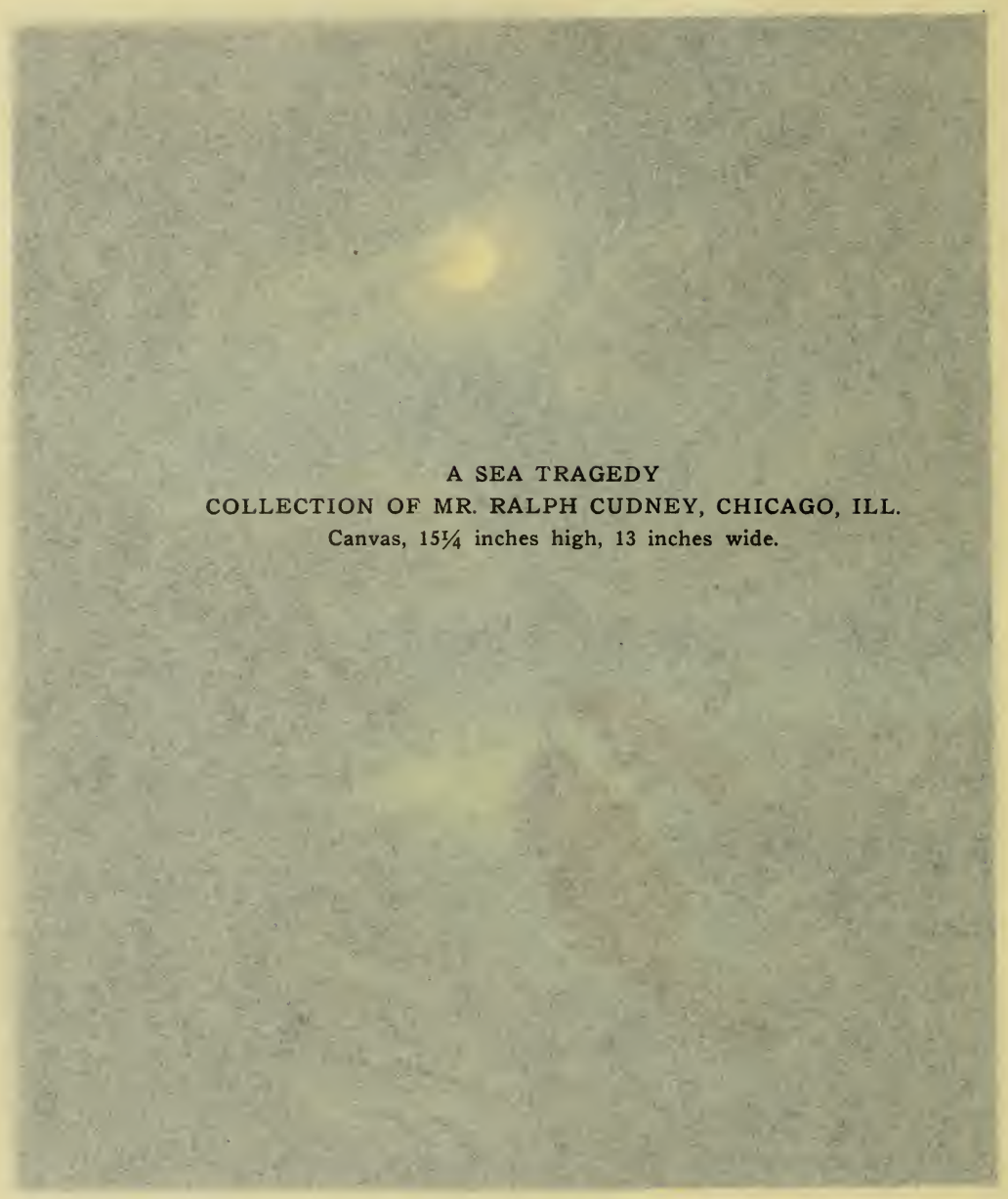


ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER

BY

FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN

NEW YORK
PRIVATELY PRINTED
MCMXX



A SEA TRAGEDY

COLLECTION OF MR. RALPH CUDNEY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Canvas, 15¼ inches high, 13 inches wide.

ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER

BY

FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN



NEW YORK
PRIVATELY PRINTED
MCMXX

Copyright, 1920, by
Frederic Fairchild Sherman

THE GETTY CENTER
LIBRARY

PREFATORY NOTE

In writing this monograph on Albert Pinkham Ryder I have borrowed freely from what others have written about him and have included very much of all that the artist published during his lifetime—both poetry and prose—as well as extracts from several of his very rare letters to friends.

Many of the latter have very kindly assisted me in various ways and it is a pleasure to acknowledge my indebtedness to his sister-in-law Mrs. E. N. Ryder, Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, Mr. Walter Fearon, Mr. Albert Groll, Mr. N. E. Montross, Mr. Alexander Shilling and others for many courtesies, and for help without which no such a presentment of Ryder's personality could have been made. Miss Nellie A. Rider of Providence, R. I., I have to thank for the genealogy and for the reminiscences of his grandparents, and to Mr. Eliot Clark I owe the very able synopsis of the artist's methods and his technic.

The estimate of Ryder's personality and of the character and importance of his work which is presented in this little volume is, however, my own.

CONTENTS

Part One. Life and Personality 11

Part Two. Estimate of His Poetry . . . 29

Part Three. His Opinions about Painting. Description of His Methods and His Technic 33

Part Four. A Résumé of Some of His Important Works and an Attempt to Elucidate their Meanings 45

Part Five. Estimate of the Artist and His Art 59

Pictures Painted by Albert Pinkham Ryder . 65

Bibliography 75

Paintings exhibited by Albert Pinkham Ryder
The National Academy of Design 76
The Society of American Artists 76

The Metropolitan Museum Memorial Exhibition 77

ILLUSTRATIONS

A Sea Tragedy	Frontispiece
The Temple of the Mind	Page 12
Dancing Dryads	" 12
Pegasus	" 12
Siegfried and the Rhine Maidens	" 16
Resurrection	" 18
Forest of Arden	" 18
Jonah	" 22
Ophelia	" 24
Moonlight on the Sea	" 26
Landscape	" 26
The Flying Dutchman	" 30
Moonlight	" 32
Moonlight at Sea	" 32
With Sloping Mast and Dipping Prow	" 34
The Smugglers	" 34
The Race Track	" 38
Passing Song	" 40
Macbeth	" 40
Constance	" 42
Christ Appearing to Mary	" 42
Arab Camp	" 46
Landscape with Sheep	" 48
The Sheepfold	" 48
The Dead Bird	" 50

The Barnyard " 50
The Spirit of Autumn " 54
The Spirit of Spring " 54
Smugglers' Landing Place " 56
The Elegy " 56
The Wreck " 58
Homeward Bound " 62
Misty Moonlight " 62

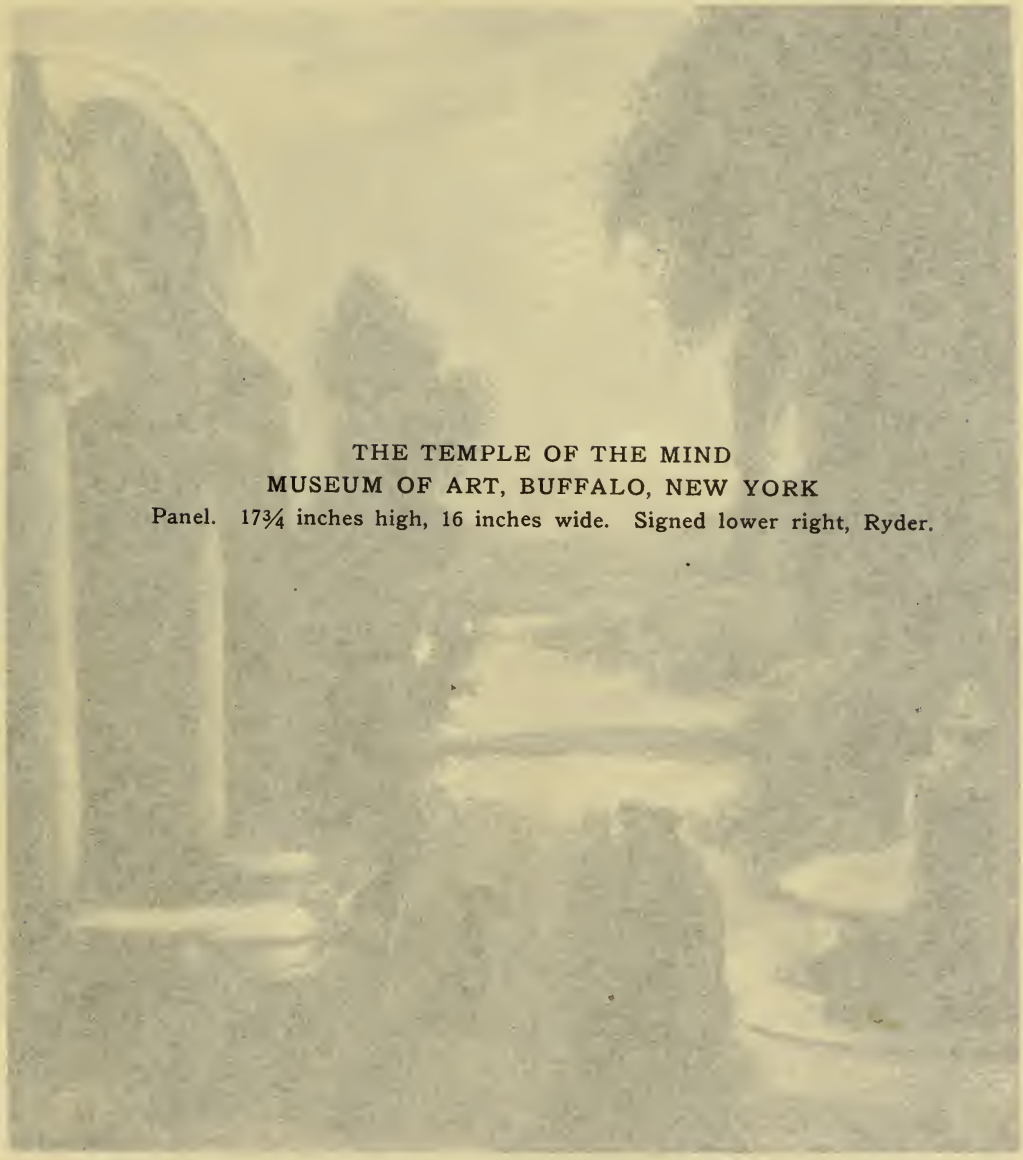
ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER



LBERT PINKHAM RYDER, the youngest of the four sons of Elizabeth Cobb and Alexander Gage Ryder, of Yarmouth, Mass., was born in New Bedford, March 19, 1847 in a big old house on Mill Street, near Acushnet Avenue, opposite the home of Albert Bierstadt. New Bedford was the home of Ryder's mother, and his father, born in Yarmouth April 6th, 1815, must have settled there after 1839, for in that year his brother Preserved Milton Ryder was born in Yarmouth, the birthplace also of the older brothers, William Davis (1836) and Edward N.(1837). The Ryders (or Riders, as the name is more usually spelt by the Cape Cod branch of the family) were all Yarmouth people. The ancestral line begins with Samuel Rider (born in 1638 or 1639, died in 1679), and is as follows: Samuel[1]; John[2]; Ebenezer[3]; John[4]; Reuben[5]; Benjamin[6]; Alexander[7]; Albert[8]. Benjamin Rider, Albert's grandfather, was a carpenter who built several of the old houses in Yarmouth, including, probably, his own home, the old Rider house on Main Street. Both he and Albert's grandmother, Betsy Hawes Rider, were very religious people belonging to a branch of the Methodist faith whose women dressed after the man-

ner of the Quakers. At New Bedford his father was for some time boarding officer at the Custom House and a dealer in fuel beside. The family moved to New York in 1867 or 68. There Ryder's mother died June 19, 1892, and his father on the same day of 1900. His brothers Edward N. and Preserved Milton were both at one time or another seafaring men; the former was in 1865 an Ensign on the U. S. Gunboat "Young Rover". The other brother William Davis married a Miss Jones of New York and was engaged with his father-in-law in the restaurant business for many years at the corner of Broadway and Howard Street under the firm name of Jones and Ryder. Later he became the proprietor of the Hotel Albert on Eleventh Street.

As a boy Albert Ryder attended the Middle Street Grammar School in New Bedford, from which he graduated, and where he was familiarly known as "Pinkie", a nickname which his intimate friends curiously continued to use to the end of his life. As a child of four he would sometimes be found lying on his stomach on the floor, oblivious to everything except his picture book. Later as a little lad he seemed not to care much for drawing, wishing always to experiment with colors. He had early found his way into a studio on William Street in New Bedford, where an artist named Sherman, as his sister-in-law believes, taught him to mix his colors and somewhat of how to use them. This was while the painter was still in his teens and he has left us the following



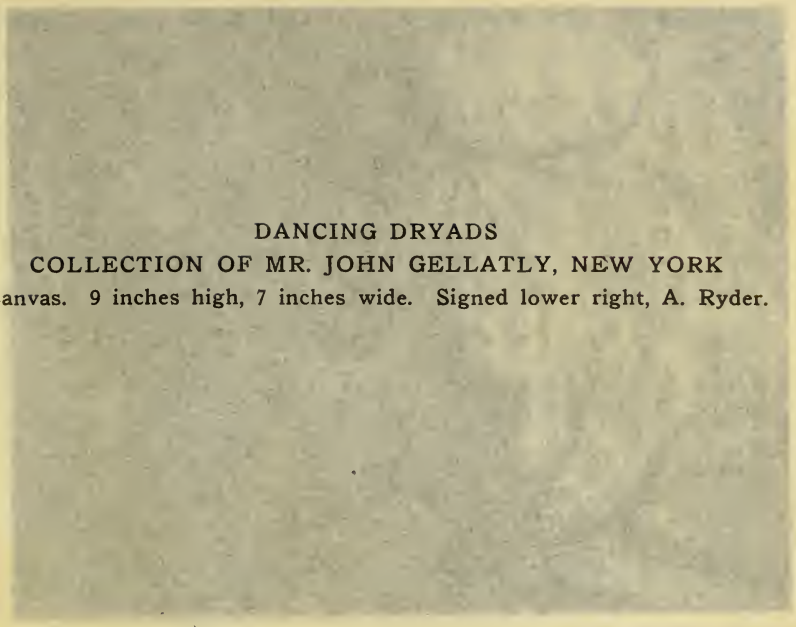
THE TEMPLE OF THE MIND
MUSEUM OF ART, BUFFALO, NEW YORK
Panel. 17¾ inches high, 16 inches wide. Signed lower right, Ryder.

THE TEMPLE OF THE MIND

MUSEUM OF ART, BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Panel. 17¾ inches high, 16 inches wide. Signed lower right, Ryder.

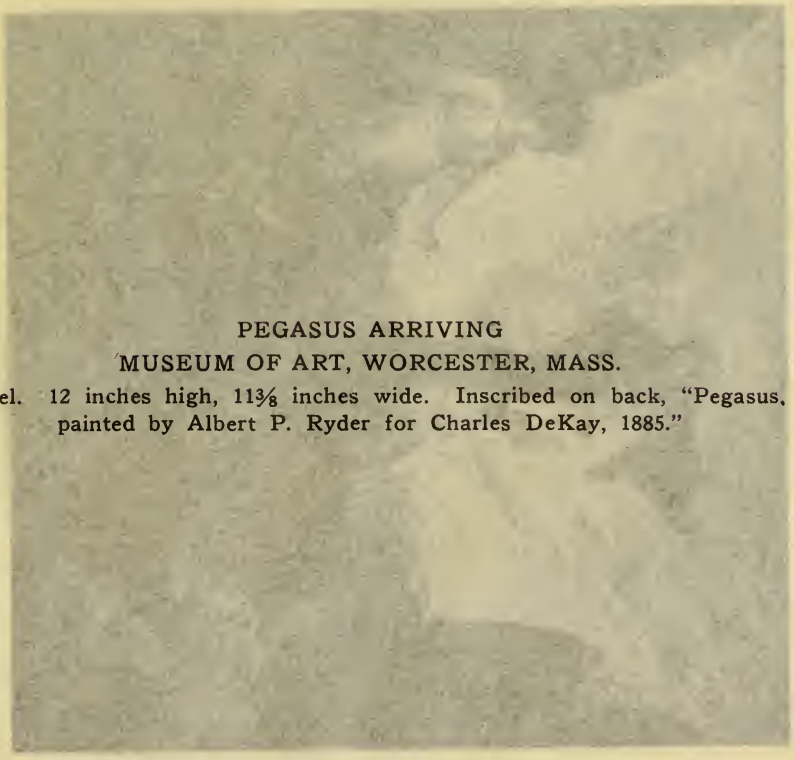




DANCING DRYADS

COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN GELLATLY, NEW YORK

Canvas. 9 inches high, 7 inches wide. Signed lower right, A. Ryder.



PEGASUS ARRIVING

MUSEUM OF ART, WORCESTER, MASS.

Panel. 12 inches high, 11⅜ inches wide. Inscribed on back, "Pegasus, painted by Albert P. Ryder for Charles DeKay, 1885."

DANCING DRYADS

COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN GELLATLY, NEW YORK

Canvas. 9 inches high, 7 inches wide. Signed lower right, A. Ryder.

PEGASUS ARRIVING

MUSEUM OF ART, WORCESTER, MASS.

Panel. 12 inches high, 11⅜ inches wide. Inscribed on back, "Pegasus, painted by Albert P. Ryder for Charles DeKay, 1885."





record of his sensations and experiences when he first undertook painting with oils:

"When my father placed a box of colors and brushes in my hands, and I stood before my easel with its square of stretched canvas, I realized that I had in my possession the wherewith to create a masterpiece that would live throughout the coming ages. The great masters had no more. I at once proceeded to study the works of the great to discover how best to achieve immortality with a square of canvas and a box of colors."

"Nature is a teacher who never deceives. When I grew weary with the futile struggle to imitate the canvases of the past, I went out into the fields, determined to serve nature as faithfully as I had served art. In my desire to be accurate I became lost in a maze of detail. Try as I would, my colors were not those of nature. My leaves were infinitely below the standard of a leaf, my finest strokes were coarse and crude. The old scene presented itself one day before my eyes framed in an opening between two trees. It stood out like a painted canvas—the deep blue of a midday sky—a solitary tree, brilliant with the green of early summer, a foundation of brown earth and gnarled roots. There was no detail to vex the eye. Three solid masses of form and color—sky, foliage and earth—the whole bathed in an atmosphere of golden luminosity;

I threw my brushes aside; they were too small for the work in hand. I squeezed out big chunks of pure, moist color and taking my palette knife, I laid on blue, green, white and brown in great sweeping strokes. As I worked I saw that it was good and clean and strong. I saw nature springing into life upon my dead canvas. It was better than nature, for it was vibrating with the thrill of a new creation. Exultantly I painted until the sun sank below the horizon."

After the family went to New York, and the artist was in his early twenties, he really first began his serious study of art as a pupil of William E. Marshall, himself a pupil of Couture and a painter and engraver of portraits, from whom, if he secured anything at all beyond certain tricks of technic, it was certainly nothing more nor less than a liking for warm tonality of color. In January of 1871 he entered the school of the National Academy and studied for a time in the Antique class. He must have soon sensed the futility of following the teachings of others if he was to continue to cultivate his individual taste in art, just as earlier still he had realized the futility of imitating the canvases of the past, and however much we know he sacrificed by never mastering a sound technic, we may congratulate ourselves at least upon the fact that by so doing he preserved his personal predilection for imaginative and spiritual expression.

Blakelock, Abbott H. Thayer, Tryon, Wyant and

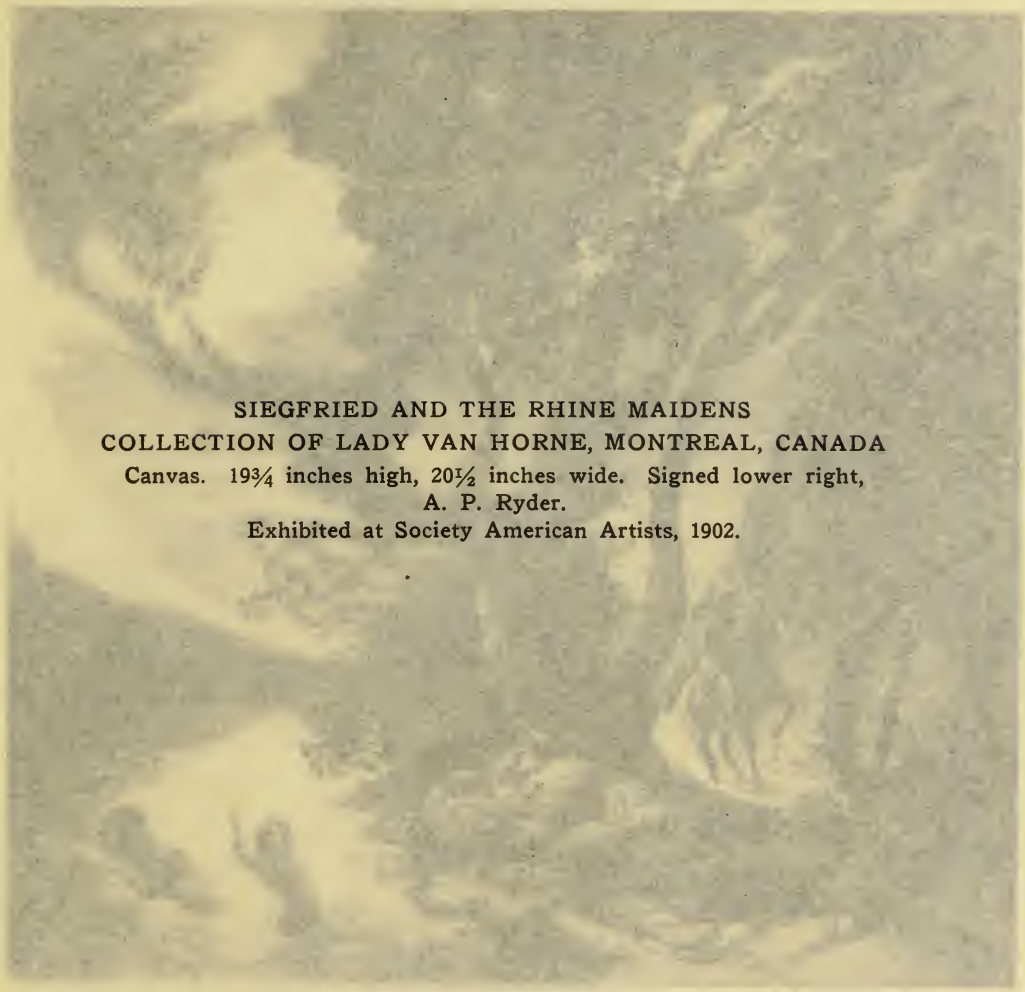
Homer Martin were all represented in the annual exhibition of the National Academy in 1873 when Ryder's first picture was accepted and hung. This painting, called Clearing Away, was probably one of the not very distinguished early landscapes wherein one finds little if any promise of the original character and exceptional beauty of his later work. He was a pretty regular contributor to the Academy until 1888 and some of his best canvases were exhibited there, among them the Ophelia and the Christ Appearing to Mary. In 1902 he was made an associate of the Academy and Academician in 1906, his portrait for the society being painted by J. Alden Weir.

Soon after the Society of American Artists was organized in 1877 Ryder was invited to become a member and he sent something to every exhibition but that of '85, from the first held in 1878 to that of 1887. Among these pictures were as many as five of his moonlights and marines and such canvases as the Curfew Hour, now in the Metropolitan Museum, and the Eastern Scene.

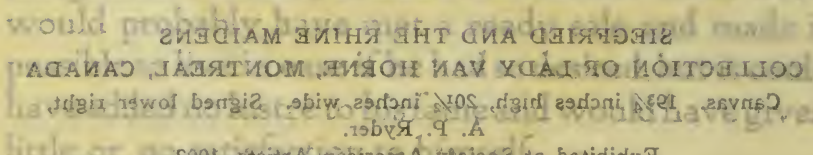
As one will readily surmise from this record of his activity practically all of his best work was produced during the short period of twenty-five years from '73 to '98. That part of it which was not actually completed at the latter date was probably at least then under way, from which we may reasonably conclude that his active life as an artist ended surely within a very few years thereafter. Thenceforward

he seems to have done nothing more than try to finish satisfactorily to himself the finer things already begun of which several, including The Tempest and The Lorelei, remained in his studio at the time of his death. It is characteristic of the man that he should have preferred, lacking adequate ideas for new pictures of a corresponding individuality, to expend his energies upon the effort to make surpassingly beautiful something which he had already started and which he knew to be original, rather than to turn his hand to the manufacture of numerous replicas of the kind of things he had already found a market for. Such work would probably have met a ready sale and made it possible to live in ease if he had so desired, but it could have added no lustre to his fame and would have given little or no satisfaction to himself.

During the period of Ryder's activity he was variously compared with Jules Dupré, Blakelock and W. Gedney Bunce,—more especially with Blakelock. To say that the criticism aimed at his work was not altogether unwarranted is not to say that it was entirely merited or entirely just. It was probably as near to being right as contemporary criticism ever is. It was said of him that he was "as far removed as may be from realism in his use of nature, and like Blakelock has a noble quality of color, while in the quality of imagination he far exceeds him, having a greater grasp of the unexpected." The late Ripley Hitchcock wrote in The Art Review that "with Ryder, color is the chief end, but in an uncertain way the artist aims to



SIEGFRIED AND THE RHINE MAIDENS
COLLECTION OF LADY VAN HORNE, MONTREAL, CANADA
Canvas. 19¾ inches high, 20½ inches wide. Signed lower right,
A. P. Ryder.
Exhibited at Society American Artists, 1902.



SIEGFRIED AND THE RHINE MAIDENS

COLLECTION OF LADY VAN HORNE, MONTREAL, CANADA

Canvas, 19¾ inches high, 20¼ inches wide. Signed lower right, A. P. Ryder.

Exhibited at Society American Artists, 1902.



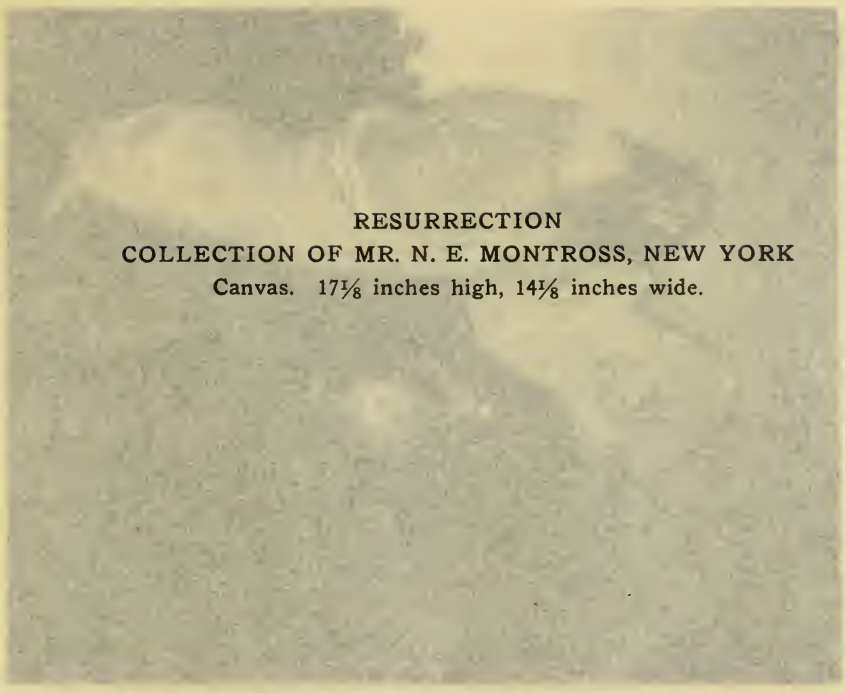
invest his color with significance" and "the method of his expression appeals to the eye rather than to the heart, like the works of artists who use color frankly for color's sake." The most important consideration of his work which I find in the reviews of the time is this from The Art Amateur of July 1884: "As to Messrs. Ryder and Blakelock, who seem to fancy that art is enough and that nature has no place in the studio, they will have to learn that if art is the end of the painter's effort, nature is the material of his study and no such complete divorce as Mr. Ryder especially shows can lead to a permanent position. The groove is too narrow, even if deep, and too commonplace—it lacks originality utterly. Blakelock is wider in his range but equally astray in his direction. There is no such thing possible as painting marines without knowing how to paint the sea, nor landscape without knowledge of the facts of nature. If art rises above the actuality of nature, it rarely goes contrary to it, and any painter who conceives differently must justify his work by exceptional power and great imagination, which neither Mr. Ryder nor Mr. Blakelock shows. They have strong one sided feeling for color, but little for nature, and none for qualities equally as important in art as that which they seek. They have the redeeming element of true poetical feeling and sincerity, but their art is a mistake and a needless sacrifice of qualities better than those they attain." Had the writer divined the real depths of Ryder's imaginings, and sensed accurately his exceptional powers of expression, instead

of simply becoming critically conscious of such qualities through contact with works he had either not the time or the ability to appreciate fully, he would probably have been the first to put into words the final estimate of the painter.

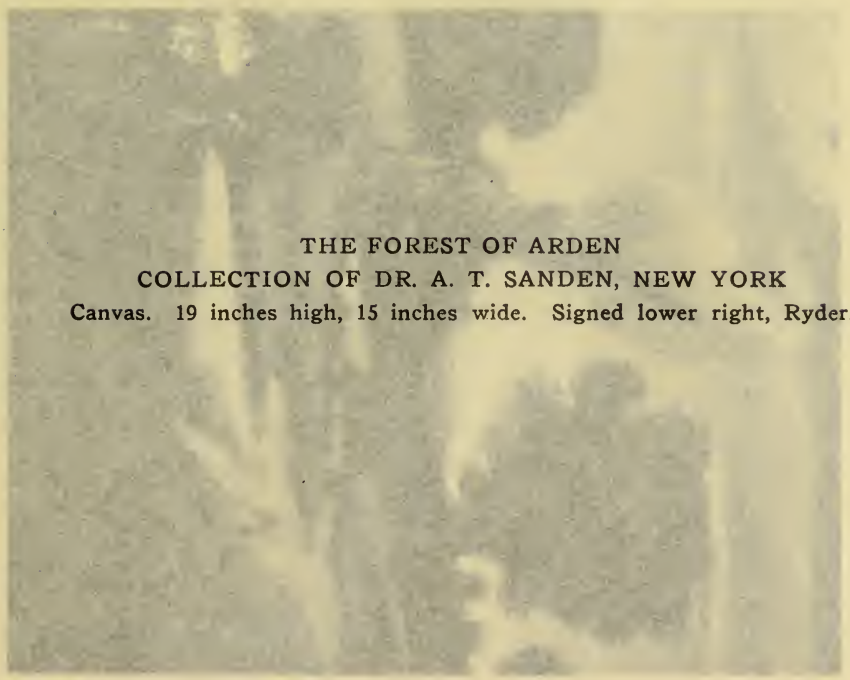
Daniel Cottier, the well known dealer, may be said to have been the first to discover the peculiar charm and value of his art, and probably did more than anyone else to find a market for it and to enable the artist to earn the modest sum that sufficed for his needs. He introduced his pictures to Sir William Van Horne, who became a real friend of Ryder's, and placed examples of his work in private collections in cities as widely separated as Portland, Oregon, and Edinburgh, Scotland.

Of his studio, the later one in Fifteenth Street, perhaps the most accurate as well as realistic description is that penned by a writer in the New York Press as long ago as December, 1906, who says:

> "Two thirds of the room was full, packed solid with things that had never been moved since they were set there years before, chairs, tables, trunks, packing boxes, picture frames, vast piles of old magazines and newspapers. Overhead long streamers of paper from the ceiling swayed in the air. All around the edge of the conglomeration sat dishes on the floor, tea cups with saucers over them, covered bowls,



RESURRECTION
COLLECTION OF MR. N. E. MONTROSS, NEW YORK
Canvas. 17⅛ inches high, 14⅛ inches wide.



THE FOREST OF ARDEN
COLLECTION OF DR. A. T. SANDEN, NEW YORK
Canvas. 19 inches high, 15 inches wide. Signed lower right, Ryder.

RESURRECTION

COLLECTION OF MR. N. E. MONTROSS, NEW YORK

Canvas, 17⅞ inches high, 14⅞ inches wide.

Of his studio, the later one in Fifteenth Street, perhaps the most accurate as well as realistic description is that penned by a writer in the New York Press as long ago as December, 1908, who says:

"Two thirds of the room was full, packed solid with things that had never been moved since the [illegible] before, chairs, tables, frames, packing boxes, picture frames, vast piles of old magazines and newspapers. Overhead long streamers of paper from the ceiling swayed in the air. All around the edge of the conglomeration sat dishes on the floor, tea cups with saucers over them, covered bowls,

THE FORREST OF ARDEN

COLLECTION OF DR. A. T. SANDEN, NEW YORK

Canvas, 19 inches high, 15 inches wide. Signed lower right, Ryder.



crocks, tin pails, oil cans, milk bottles, boxes of apples and packages of cereals."

"In one corner a pile of empty cereal packages mounted to the ceiling. In another a stately tall chair staggered under its accumulated load. A black wedding chest rich with carving was almost undiscoverable under the odds and ends that burdened it. A splendid Greek head stands on the top board with a foot bath on one side and a box of hay on the other. Against an exquisite piece of portrait sculpture, the work of a master hand, a friendly package of rice. The confusion was unimaginable, incredible."

Something to smile or weep over, this studio, but it suited an artist who lived with the simplicity of the prophets, and however bizarre and eccentric, it provided all the comfort he required or even cared about. The outsider might see his studio as the abode of dirt and disorder where nothing was ever dusted or cleaned, but Ryder himself, the poet and dreamer, had a very different idea of it as may be gathered from the following description which he wrote in 1905:

"I have two windows in my workshop that look out upon an old garden whose great trees thrust their green-laden branches over the casement sills, filtering a network of light and shadow on the bare boards of my floor. Beyond the low roof tops of neighboring houses sweeps the eternal firmament with its everchanging pano-

rama of mystery and beauty. I would not exchange these two windows for a palace with less a vision than this old garden with its whispering leafage—nature's tender gift to the least of her little ones."

He felt that sumptuous studios were for business men rather than for artists, and chose an ordinary attic room of an old dwelling house in a forgotten corner of the city for his 'workshop' as he called it,—a place where he might be left alone to dream and paint and poetize. Here he spent most of his days, cooking many of his own meals and sleeping on a rough pallet. Few found their way to the place. Those who did often found him in overalls with a pair of old leather or carpet slippers on his stockingless feet, but were met by a timid and yet mildly cordial reception, for his courtesy was genuine and extended as graciously as though he were living in a palace.

At those rare times when he invaded the purlieus of the wealthy, however, and was to be seen in the upper Fifth Avenue section, he went abroad habitually in a silk hat and attire which, if not elaborate, at least was always correct. His was never a presence to be ignored in any place or company and wherever one might meet him, or however brief the meeting might be, his powerful personality seldom failed to make a definite impression. There was an old-time air of refinement about his speech and manner, as rare as it was welcome in a world too busy to bother with

politeness, and few who came under the spell of its influence underestimated or ever forgot its peculiar charm. Marsden Hartley, who knew him in his later years, says:

> "I have spent some of the rarer and lovelier moments of my experience with this gentlest and sweetest of other-world citizens; I have felt with ever-living delight the excessive loveliness of his glance and of his smile and heard that music of some far-away world which was his laughter."

Though he lived the life of a recluse and saw but few people, he was, nevertheless, exceptionally well informed, with interests wide, and varied enough to include pretty much everything from the art of the early Italians down to the latest sensational murder trial. On every live topic of importance he had ideas which were occasionally expressed with unusual force and illuminating lucidity. As a conversationalist, in anything save the lighter vein of easy wit and commonplace, he was always sure of his audience whether it were an ignorant workman or a group of the most cultured of connoisseurs.

His own opinion of an artist's needs, which he found sufficient certainly for himself, was summed up as follows:

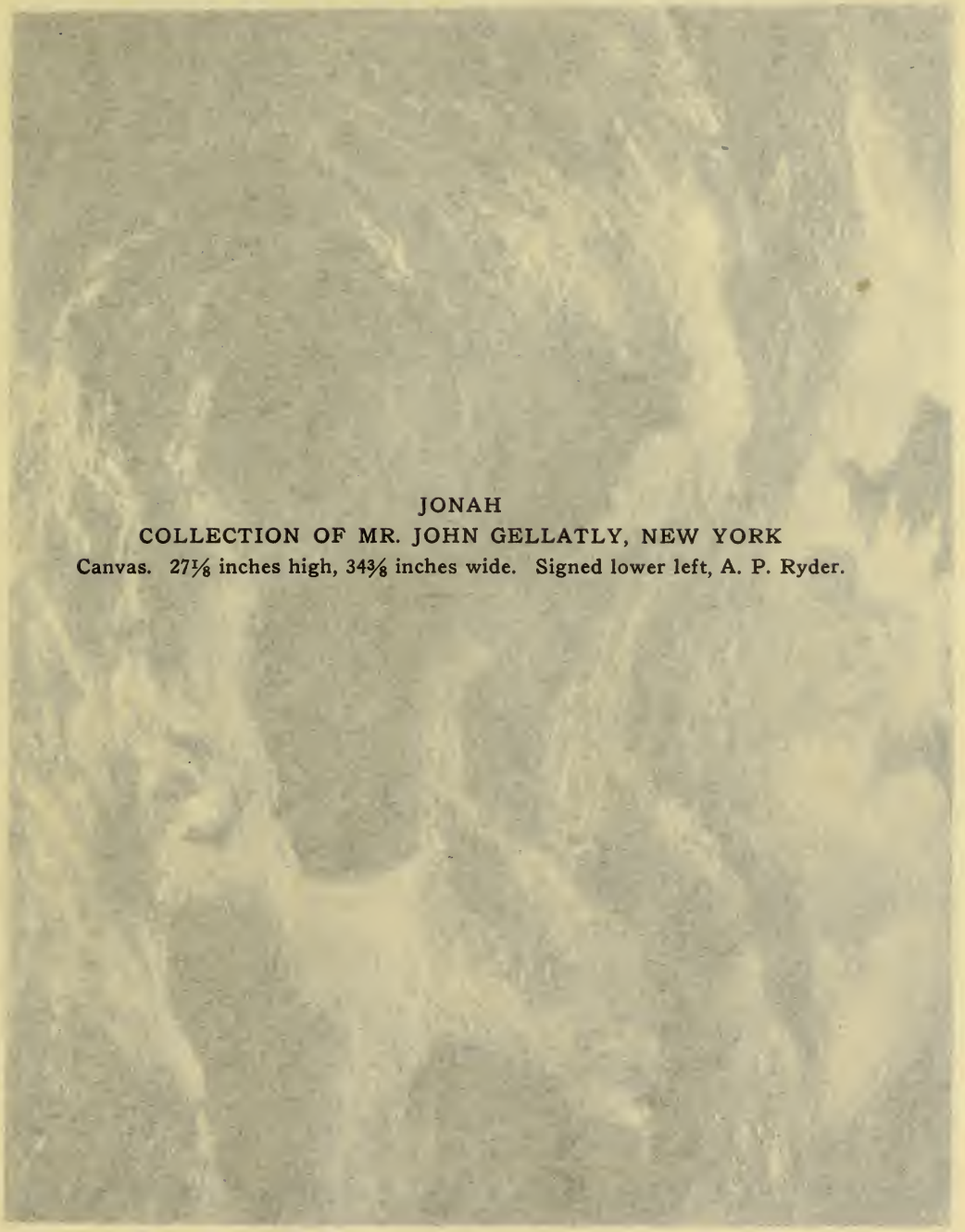
> "The artist needs but a roof, a crust of bread and his easel, and all the rest God gives him in abundance. He must live to paint and not paint

to live. He cannot be a good fellow; he is rarely a wealthy man, and upon the potboiler is inscribed the epitaph of his art."

"The artist should not sacrifice his ideals to a landlord and a costly studio. A rain-tight roof, frugal living, a box of colors and God's sunlight through clear windows keep the soul attuned and the body vigorous for one's daily work. The artist should once and forever emancipate himself from the bondage of appearance and the unpardonable sin of expending on ignoble aims the precious ointment that should serve only to nourish the lamp burning before the tabernacle of his muse."

He once told his sister-in-law, Mrs. E. N. Ryder, that "a true artist never paints for money" and added, "Enough to live on is all I care for."

So much has been circulated about his dislike of society and his abject poverty that it is but justice to the memory of the man that his sincere friendship for those whom he knew and trusted, his gratitude for even the smallest kindness, and the genuineness and simplicity of his hospitality should not be forgotten. Early in his career he gave a blacksmith, who did him a small favor, one of his best canvases, and for years afterward one might see it in the smithy's dingy shop. Such an act must seem quixotic to many, but Ryder probably felt that his work was honored in having a place upon the honest toiler's wall.



JONAH

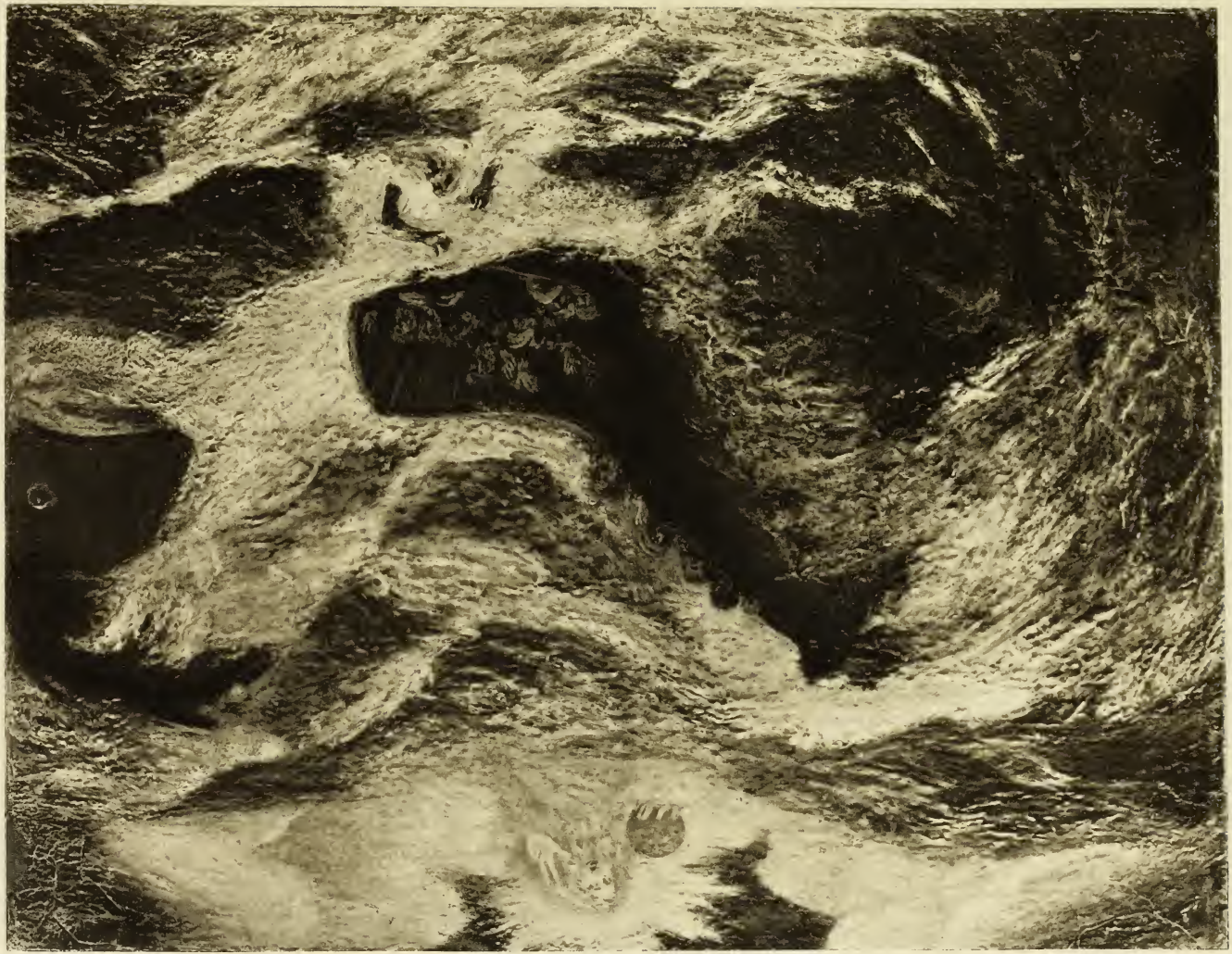
COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN GELLATLY, NEW YORK

Canvas. 27⅛ inches high, 34⅜ inches wide. Signed lower left, A. P. Ryder.

JONAH

COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN GELLATLY, NEW YORK

Canvas, 27¼ inches high, 34¾ inches wide. Signed lower left, A. P. Ryder.



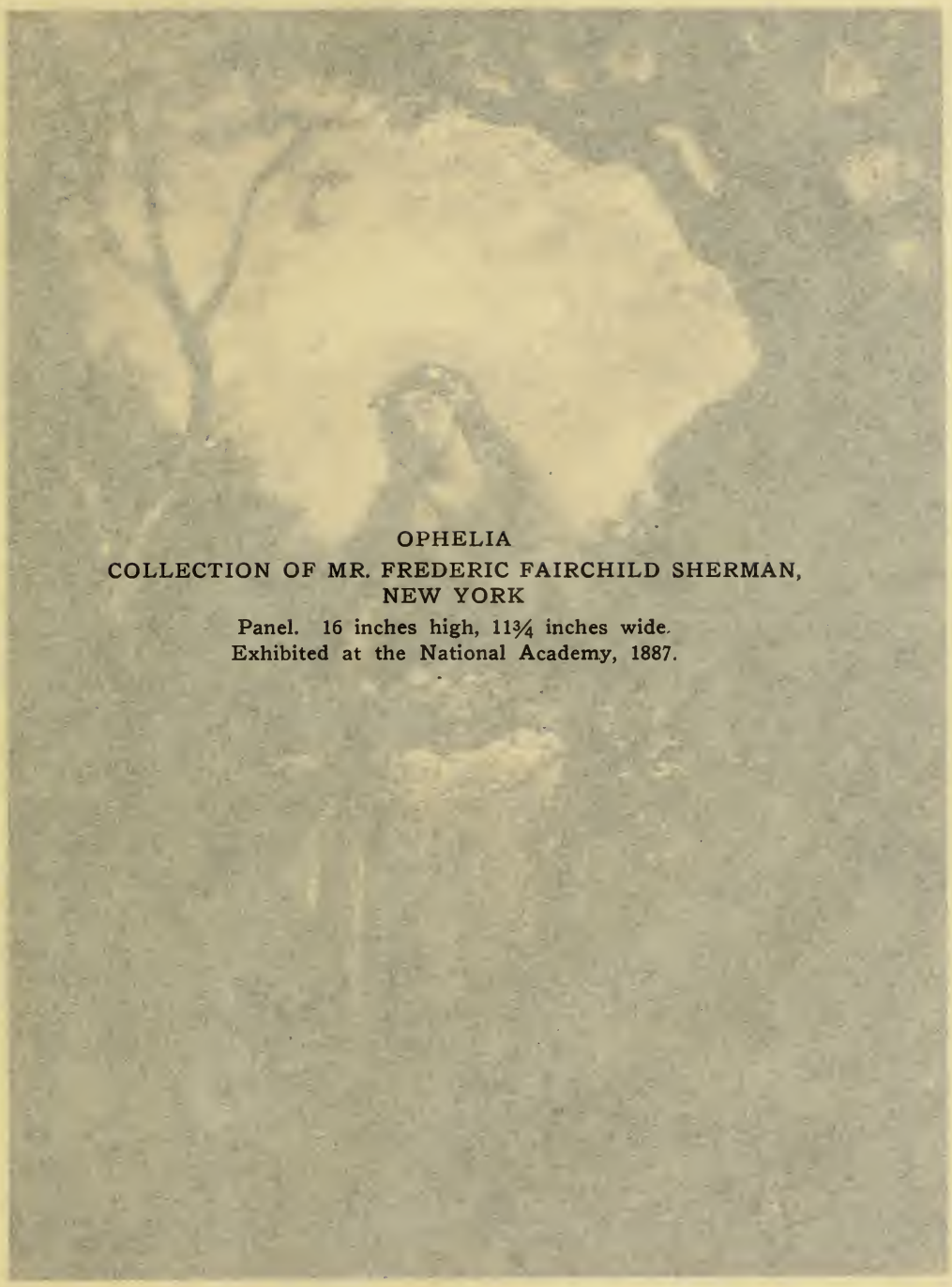
A friend chanced upon him once in a Fifth Avenue gallery gravely expounding the beauties of the paintings on exhibition to a little girl of twelve years or so with the same unconscious dignity that he would have employed in the company of the most exacting critics. This child was probably Mrs. Fitzpatrick's niece or Mr. Harold Bromhead's daughter Elsie, whom he had met in 1901 and for whom he had a very tender and beautiful regard. He called her a "little angel of a girl" and "little Elsie sweetheart" and seldom failed to remember her in writing to her father in after years.

In April 1885 he wrote to Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, in reply to a letter expressing the latter's admiration of his work:

> "Many thanks for all those nice sentiments.
>
> "I find myself so childish in a way; I am so upset with a little appreciation that I can hardly be quiet to acknowledge the source.
>
> "Everybody is very nice I must say: but you have such a happy confidence and courage that it counts tremendously in nerving a man and trying out his endeavors.
>
> "I was saying to Mr. Inglis only the other day that you were one of the few who have the passion of a collector; that of course brings its own joy. But I also wish you the honor that belongs to one who has made such an impression on the art impulse of the country.

"I think you can hardly realize how much it means. For a long time I have observed a marked change in the attitude not only of the press but also of collectors toward the possibilities of something being done here amongst us: to you much of the credit belongs: and I am so happy to be identified with your mission, and that, with the two chief efforts of my ambition. I can not but feel some way that in both the Temple (The Temple of the Mind) and the Religious picture (Christ Appearing to Mary) I have gone a little higher up on the mountain and can see other peaks showing along the horizon; and although there are conditions that make perhaps what I cannot do again, in your selections, yet I know you will wish as I hope, to keep the banner forward and in other things justify your faith and appreciation."

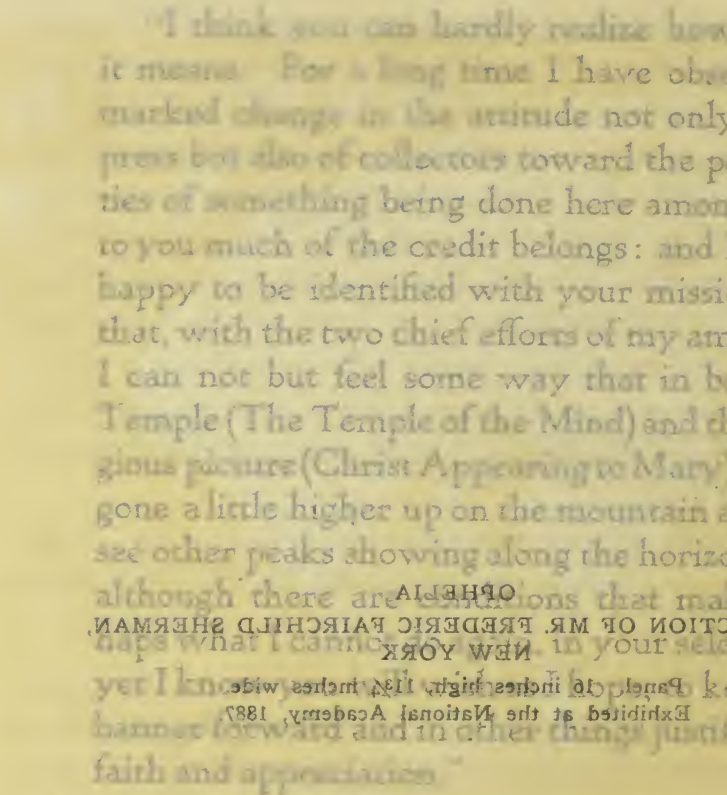
He lacked much of the most rudimentary knowledge of life and had a childlike faith in the honesty and kindness of everyone. He would give away a treasured canvas to please a friend and would just as readily share his last dollar or his meagre meal with a hungry beggar. His friend, Horatio Walker, once when visiting him asked Ryder if he had any money, to which the painter replied that "there was some on a paper in his cupboard," where upon some rummaging around therein he produced a check, months old, received in payment for one of his pictures. It was a



OPHELIA

COLLECTION OF MR. FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN, NEW YORK

Panel. 16 inches high, 11¾ inches wide.
Exhibited at the National Academy, 1887.



He lacked much of the most rudimentary knowledge of life and had a childlike faith in the honesty and kindness of everyone. He would give away a treasured canvas to please a friend and would just as readily share his last dollar or his meagre meal with a hungry beggar. His friend, Horatio Walker, once when visiting him asked Ryder if he had any money, to which the painter replied that "there was some on a paper in his cupboard," where upon some rummaging around therein he produced a check, months old, received in payment for one of his pictures. It was a



check in four figures, but it seems that he had no notion of the wisdom of the process of cashing it. With Mr. Walker's help he managed to realize upon this check, but with some others he had also tucked away he was not so fortunate. Some time after this occurrence he told Albert Groll that Walker was not only a great artist but a great financier as well, an obvious error, but a pertinent commentary upon his ingrained inability to estimate correctly the significance of even the simplest experience if it involved material rather than spiritual values.

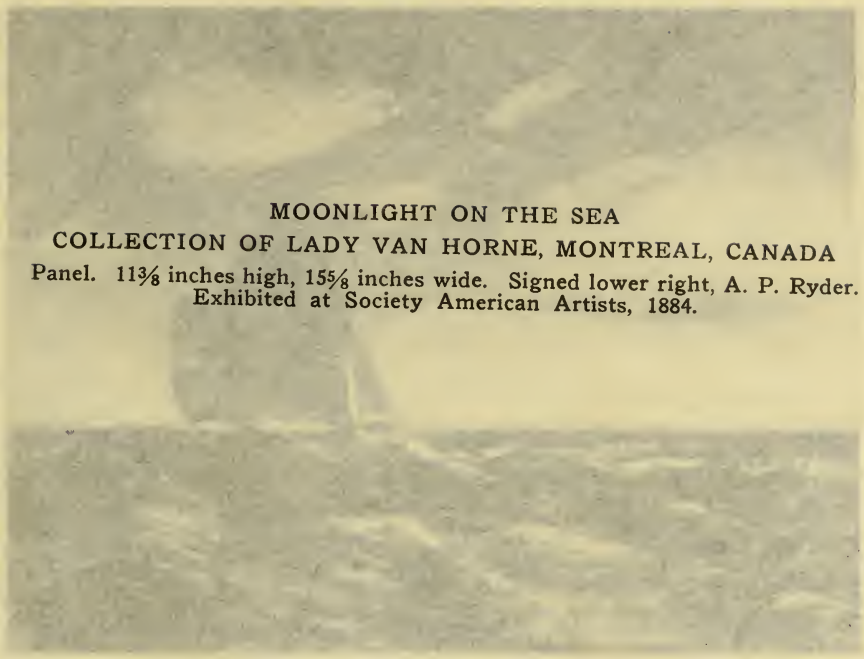
His avoidance of people was not at all because of any inherent antipathy or of mere taciturnity. It resulted from a firm conviction that meeting others unfitted him for work. But though he avoided meeting people whenever he could without giving offence, and never frequented crowded studios or attended bohemian parties, he was never rude, and delighted in the conversation of his friends. Charles Melville Dewey, one of his artist friends, tells many stories of his shyness and says that, though Ryder frequently called at his studio, he would always telephone in advance to make sure that no one else was there; while Mr. Albert Groll, another friend, says that whenever he would broach the matter of bringing some friend with him to meet Ryder, the artist would tell him to come himself, that he was always welcome, but not to bring anyone else.

It was in the later Fifteenth Street studio that he made friends with his neighbors Mr. and Mrs. Fitz-

patrick who watched over him as long as they remained in the city, caring for him when he was ill and seeing always that he was properly fed. Mrs. Fitzpatrick had come to know Ryder in her art student days, and the painter became interested in her studies to the extent of giving her occasional criticisms.

He did not drink; his recreation was found in the public parks, where he would sometimes be seen walking on pleasant days, or seated in some secluded place, oblivious of passers by, and perhaps composing either verse or picture. He had a habit, also, of going out at dusk and taking long walks in the country, across the river in New Jersey, from which he often would not return until dawn. At such times he would sleep all the morning. Mr. Shilling says Ryder once told him that it was on these lonely strolls at night that he 'soaked in the moonlight' which later appeared in his pictures. He occasionally visited his sister-in-law in Falmouth for two or three weeks at a time and when there spent most of his time sketching. She writes that he would often get up in the middle of the night and go to the shore to paint the moonlight effects on the water.

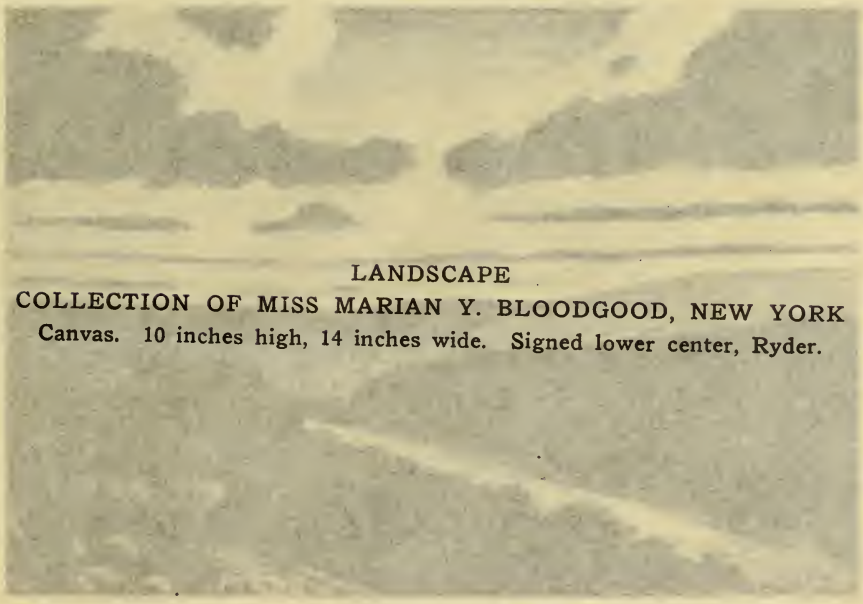
He was passionately fond of music and of poetry, and it was through his love of the former that romance once entered into his life in connection with a woman. Having moved into a real studio at the suggestion of a friend, and after being quite miserable in the midst of its unaccustomed comfort for a number of days, he heard the playing of a violin next door.



MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA

COLLECTION OF LADY VAN HORNE, MONTREAL, CANADA

Panel. 11⅜ inches high, 15⅝ inches wide. Signed lower right, A. P. Ryder.
Exhibited at Society American Artists, 1884.



LANDSCAPE

COLLECTION OF MISS MARIAN Y. BLOODGOOD, NEW YORK

Canvas. 10 inches high, 14 inches wide. Signed lower center, Ryder.

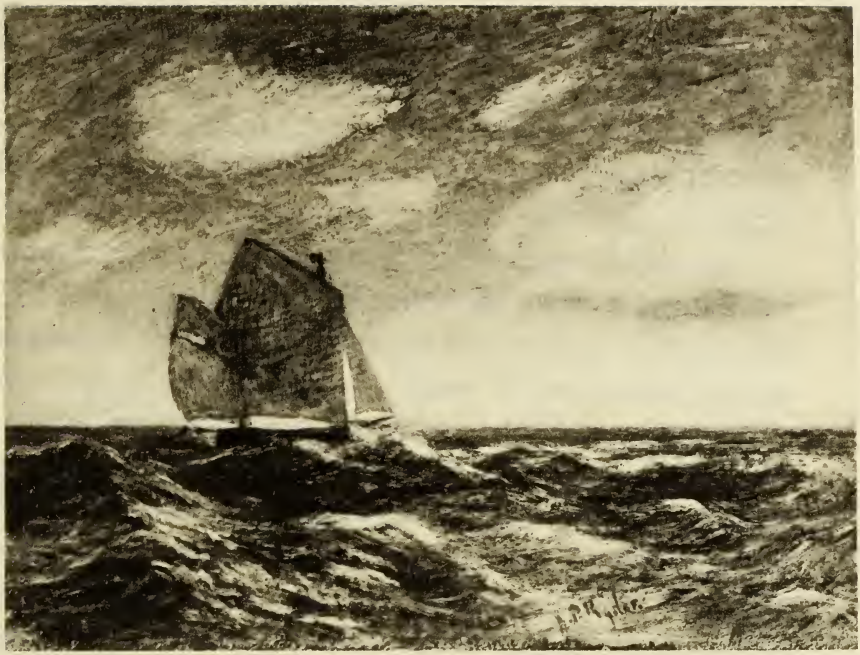
patrick who watched over him as long as they remained in the city, caring for him when he was ill and seeing always that he was properly fed. Mrs. Fitzpatrick had come to know Ryder in her art student days, and she became interested in her [illegible] criticisms.

He [illegible] found in the public parks, where he would sometimes be seen walking on pleasant days, or seated in some secluded place, oblivious of passers by, and perhaps composing either verse or picture. He had a habit, also, of going out at dusk and taking long walks in the country, across the river in New Jersey, from which he often would not return until dawn. At such times he would sleep all the morning. Mr. Shilling says Ryder once told him that it was on these lonely strolls at night that he "soaked in the moonlight" which later appeared in his pictures. He occasionally visited his sister-in-law in Falmouth for two or three weeks at a time and when there spent most of his time sketching. She writes that he would often get up in the middle of the night and go to the shore to paint the moonlight effects on the water.

He was passionately fond of music and of poetry, and it was through his love for the former that romance once entered into his life in connection with a woman. Having moved into a real studio at the suggestion of a friend, and after being quite miserable in the midst of its unaccustomed comfort for a number of days, he heard the playing of a violin next door.

COLLECTION OF LADY VAN HORNE, MONTREAL, CANADA
MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA
Panel. 11⅝ inches high, 15⅝ inches wide. Signed lower right, A. P. Ryder.
Exhibited at Society American Artists, 1884.

LANDSCAPE
COLLECTION OF MISS MARIAN Y. BLOODGOOD, NEW YORK
Canvas. 10 inches high, 14 inches wide. Signed lower center, Ryder.





The player, it seems, was a woman; and it is said that one day, without previous introduction, he called upon her and asked her to marry him. Whether she refused or accepted him is not known but some friends of his heard of his impetuous action, and one of them, Daniel Cottier, carried him off on a trip to Europe.

This was probably the hurried visit made in the summer of 1893 when he saw something of England, Italy, Spain and Holland. They were accompanied by Olin Warner, the sculptor, and his companions were much entertained with the meagre impression made upon Ryder by the old masters, and his almost complete insensibility to the charm of all modern European art. He disliked hurry and travel in consequence, and it must have been a great relief to get home again to the quiet of his own room.

The unfortunate results of vaccination in his youth he never outlived. The vaccine poisoned him, preventing his pursuing his studies beyond the grammar school, and weakened his eyes in such a way as to interfere at times with his painting. As late as 1901 he wrote to his friend, Mr. Harold W. Bromhead, saying: "My eyes started on a rampage directly after I had written you, and with me it is a particularly dangerous matter; as if I do not indulge them there is a great possibility of little ulcers coming on the eye itself." It is, therefore, not strange that he should have been always an intermittent worker, and that when he came to have customers for his canvases he sometimes kept them waiting months, or even years

for a picture. Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder is reported to have waited twenty years for one, and Ryder once said that another patron told him he had left instructions that his funeral procession was to stop at his place to obtain a painting, and added, "I told him it couldn't go out even then unless 'twas done." The last important canvas he completed stood in his studio practically finished for at least ten years. The artist undoubtedly keenly realized and honestly regretted the disappointment that his delays occasioned his patrons for he wrote much to them in explanation and justification, quoting in one case these lines from Browning:

> " Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
> And the little less; and what worlds away! "

To another he wrote the following:

> "Have you ever seen an inch worm crawl up a leaf or twig, and there clinging to the very end, revolve in the air, feeling for something to reach something? That's like me. I am trying to find something out there beyond the place on which I have a footing."

It is this something beyond the actual, which he sometimes succeeded in finding and incorporating into his creations, that makes them indescribably beautiful and magical in a sense that does not correspond at all with the romanticism of modern painting in any of its manifestations from the emotion of Monticelli to the sensitiveness of Whistler.

In 1915 Ryder was dangerously ill and had to be taken to St. Vincent's Hospital. There he spent several months in slow recovery, and when able to go out again was persuaded by the Fitzpatricks to come to them at Elmhurst, Long Island, where they had taken a house some time previously. Here he spent the last years of his life in the seclusion he so greatly desired, and it was in their house that he died March 28, 1917, in his seventy-first year.

In appearance he was a great rugged, bearded figure with something of the look, we may suggest, of one of the early apostles. His features were unusually and nobly symmetrical and he wore always an expression of kindliness and peace. His friend Mr. Dewey, who was made the administrator of his modest estate, says that "in death he looked like some one of the old paintings of Christ."

PART TWO

IF Ryder had not been a painter he might have been a poet or a philosopher. As it was he wrote considerable verse, a certain portion of which is pure poetry. Most of his verses were made to accompany pictures he painted or to celebrate certain friendships which he highly valued. The occasional lines that acquaint us with the reality of his poetic gift are almost as lovely as they are rare, as for instance those which accompany his painting of the Dancing Dryads:—

> " In the morning ashen-hued,
> Came nymphs dancing through the wood."

Another single line so nicely lyrical that it almost sings itself is:—

"The cloud soft moulded to the cape."

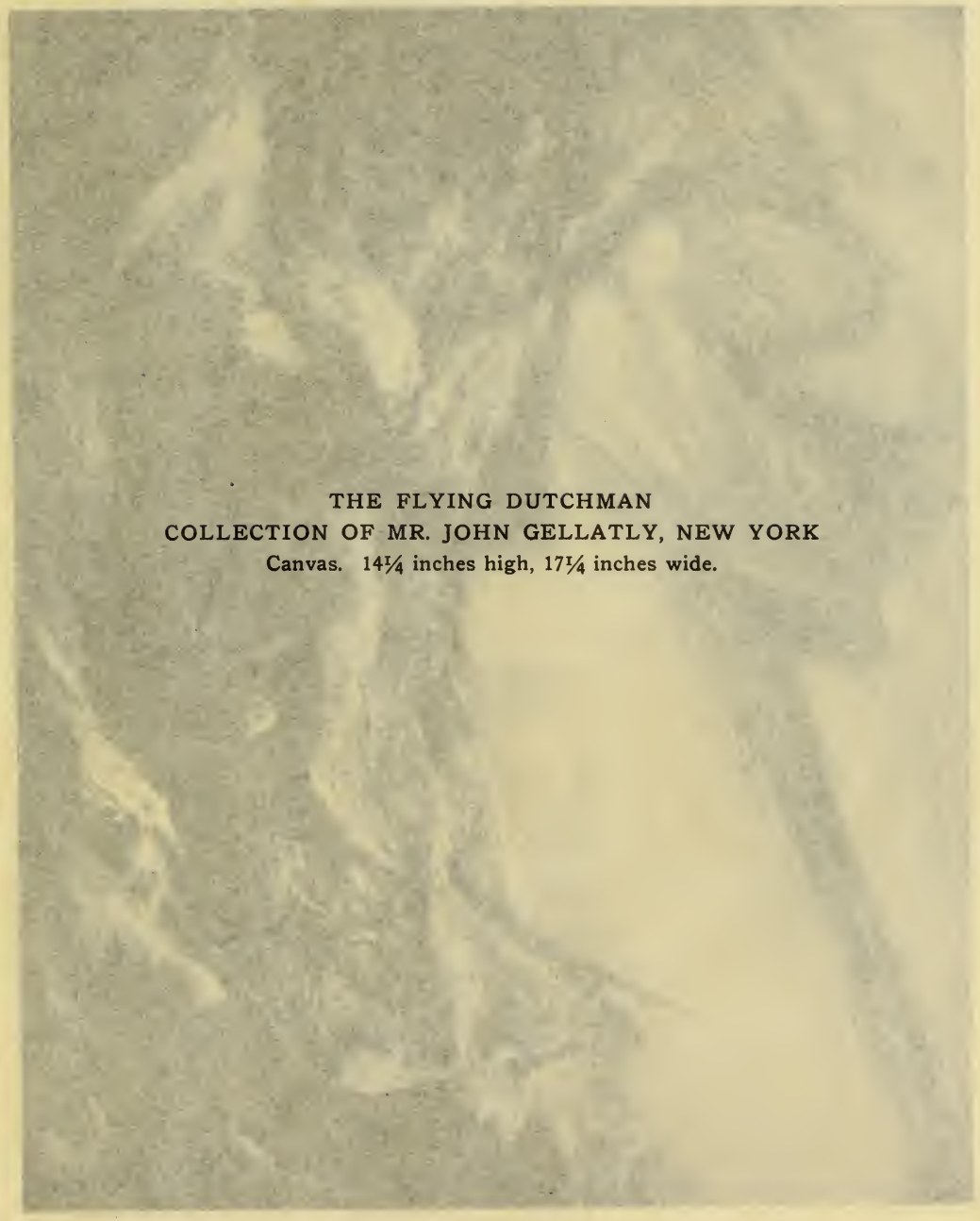
He was, however, no more master of the technic of verse than of the technic of painting, and consequently most of his best stanzas are remarkable rather for the thought than for the manner of expression. Hear, for instance, these lines, for his Toilers of the Sea, which so vividly suggest the rhythmical movement of the fishing craft homeward bound, and sailing with the sure sense of freedom which we sense in his "shifting skies":

"With the shifting skies,
Over the billowing foam,
The hardy fisher flies
To his island home."

For the Jeanne d'Arc he composed a much longer piece, the last four lines of which are possibly the finest bit of real poetry he ever wrote. Here the expression is more nearly worthy of the thought, and the idea itself is entirely made up of that beauty which is truth:

"Who knows what God knows?
His hand he never shows,
Yet miracles with less are wrought
Even with a thought."

The stanza almost equals one of Emerson's or of Emily Dickinson's in its incisive and illuminating statement of a large fact.



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN
COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN GELLATLY, NEW YORK
Canvas. 14¼ inches high, 17¼ inches wide.

Another single line so mostly lyrical that it almost sings itself is:—

"The cloud soft moulded to the cape."

He was, however, no more master of the technic of verse than of the technic of painting, and consequently most of his best stanzas are remarkable rather for the thought than for the manner of expression. Hear, for instance, these lines for his Toilers of the Sea, which so vividly suggest the rhythmical movement of the fishing craft homeward bound, and sailing with the sure sense of freedom which we sense in his "shifting skies":

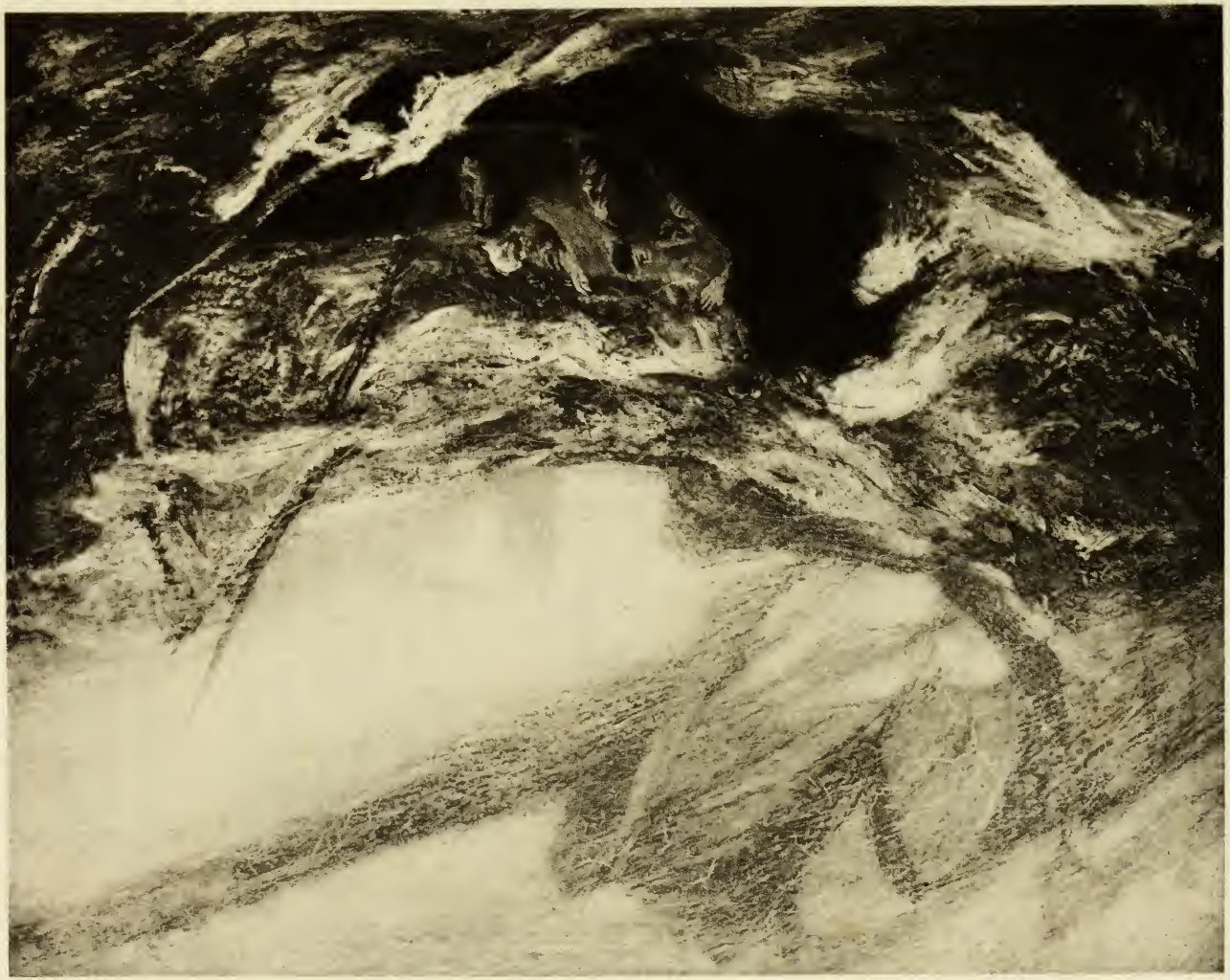
"With the shifting skies,
Over the billowing foam
The hardy fisher flies
To his island home."

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN
COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN GELLATLY, NEW YORK
Canvas. 19½ inches high, 17½ inches wide.

For the Jeanne d'Arc he composed a much longer piece, the last four lines of which are possibly the finest bit of real poetry he ever wrote. Here the expression is more nearly worthy of the thought, and the idea itself is entirely made up of that beauty which is truth:

"Who knows what God knows?
His hand he never shows,
Yet miracles with less are wrought
Even with a thought."

The stanza almost equals one of Emerson's or of Emily Dickinson's in its incisive and illuminating statement of a large fact.



This Jeanne d'Arc poem; The Wind, which appeared long ago in the Century Magazine article on the painter; one presented to Mr. N. E. Montross, from which the single line quoted above was taken; and some "Lines inspired by a Gale at Yarmouth Port, Mass." and privately printed, are the most pretentious of his flights of song. The latter, while unsatisfactory in its entirety, contains much that is lovely, like his apostrophe:—

> " Grandest and most eloquent daughters
> Of fertile Mother Earth."

and the passage:—

> " How strong,
> How beautiful,
> How wonderful ye are.
> Yet ye talk only in whispers,
> Uttering sighs continually
> Like melancholy lovers."

To use an Irishism, Ryder's best poetry was nevertheless really his prose. It is found in paragraphs like that describing his studio, and the following, that were sent to a young couple, newly married, both of whom he greatly loved, together with a note saying they were "appropriate to the devotion of each to the other."

> "They lived the life of angels; for they worshipped each other as angels; and from their coming steps and their going steps, arose the fra-

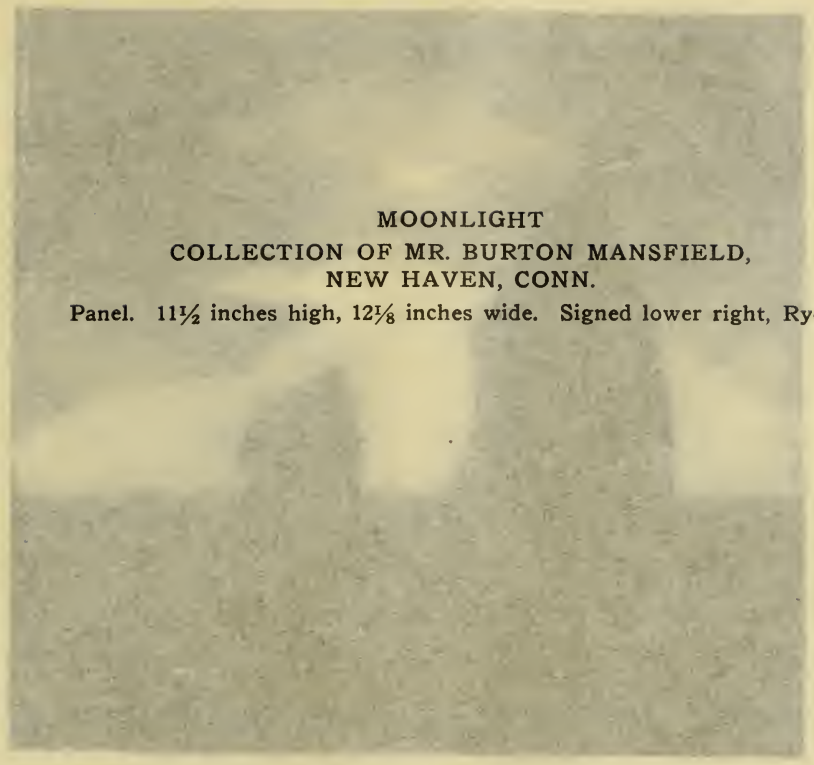
grance of flowers and they respired the aroma of their odors."

"Each sought to forestall the other in little acts of tenderness, and with intuitiveness of inspiration, which is love, they penetrated the wishes of the inner soul and delighted by the wonder of their perceptions."

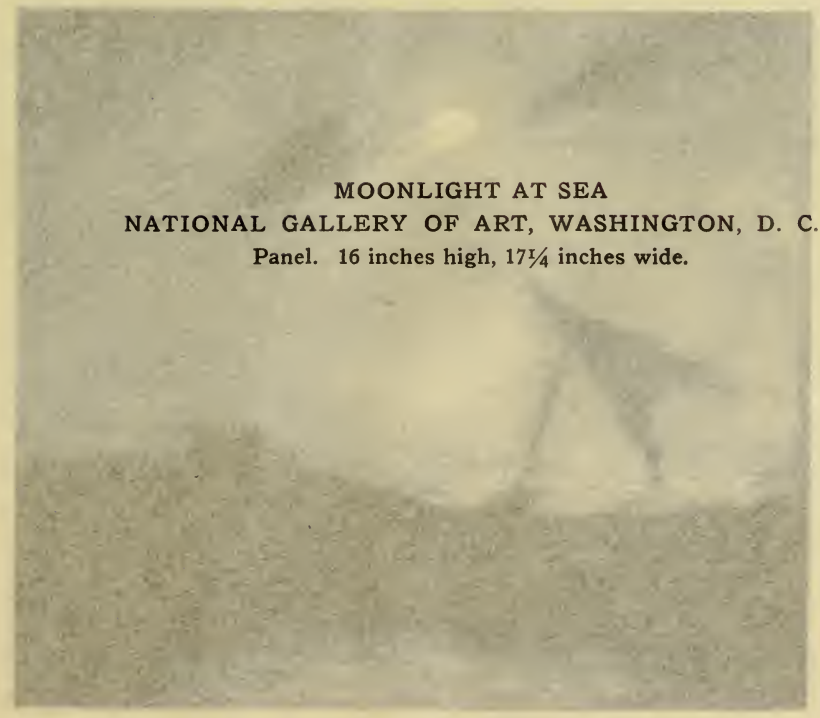
"In love morning succeeds morning, one day another day, varied only by increasing love, increasing tenderness."

"Her steps were too pure to touch the dust; he lifted her in and out of conveyances and over objects that destroy the grace and harmony of woman's movements; and each day she seemed lighter because he grew stronger, breathing and living in this thin exquisite atmosphere of the affections."

It is the description of a relationship which one might term too beautiful to be true, and probably is no nearer the reality it idealizes, than his description of his studio was a true picture of the actual confusion and squalor of that sorry place. The fact is that Ryder habitually overlooked all the minutiae of intolerable and unpleasant fact, for vistas of imagined loveliness that have no existence whatever, except in the miracles of exceptional circumstance and the minds of poets.



MOONLIGHT
COLLECTION OF MR. BURTON MANSFIELD,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
Panel. 11½ inches high, 12⅛ inches wide. Signed lower right, Ryder.



MOONLIGHT AT SEA
NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Panel. 16 inches high, 17¼ inches wide.

MOONLIGHT

COLLECTION OF MR. BURTON MANSFIELD, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Panel. 11½ inches high, 12½ inches wide. Signed lower right, Ryder.

"In love morning succeeds morning, one day another day, varied only by increasing love, increasing tenderness.

"Her steps were too puny to touch the dust; he lifted her in and out of conveyances and over objects that destroy the grace and harmony of woman's movements; and each day she seemed lighter because he grew stronger, breathing and living in this thin exquisite atmosphere of the affections."

It is the description of a relationship which one might term too beautiful to be true, and probably is no nearer the reality it idealizes, than his description of his studio was a true picture of the actual confusion and squalor of that sorry place. The fact is that Ryder habitually clothed the minutiae of intolerable and impossible circumstance in the tangled loveliness that have no existence whatever, except in the miracles of exceptional circumstance and the minds of poets.

MOONLIGHT AT SEA

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Panel. 16 inches high, 17½ inches wide.



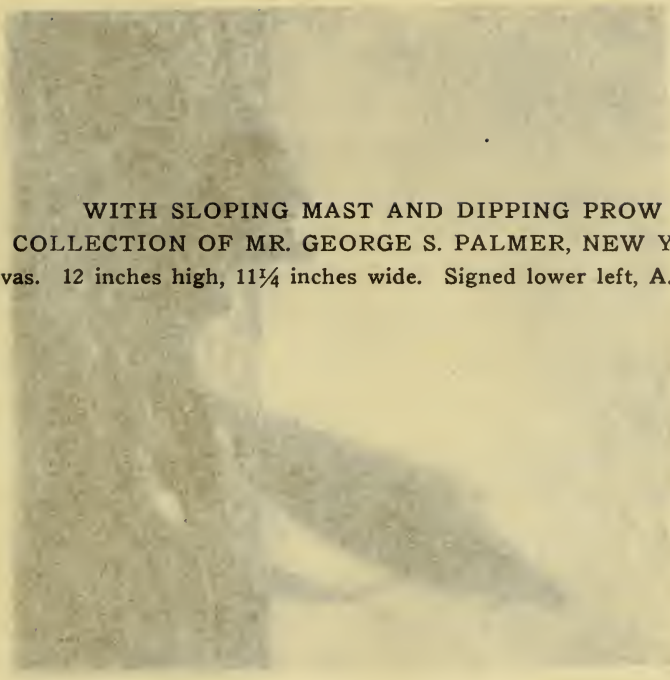


OF the abilities of any artist the estimate of other craftsmen in the same medium is always interesting. Marsden Hartley, whose enthusiasm leads him into claiming for Ryder precedence over all American painters in almost everything except mastery of his medium, is at least right in thinking that "he had in him that finer kind of reverence for the element of beauty which finds all things somehow lovely." He was not, however, as Mr. Hartley contends, either the 'first' or the 'foremost of our designers', nor was he the 'first of all creators of tragic landscape'. Practically all of the tragedy one will find in Ryder's landscape is involved in other additional and extraneous matter which is entirely foreign to landscape proper, and the tragedy they add is certainly neither so poignant nor so moving as that which one finds in far greater compositions such as Fuller's Quadroon. In the actual and exact sense in which Homer Martin was a creator of tragic landscape, in canvases like the Westchester Hills and the Ontario Sand Dunes, Ryder never created anything of the kind.

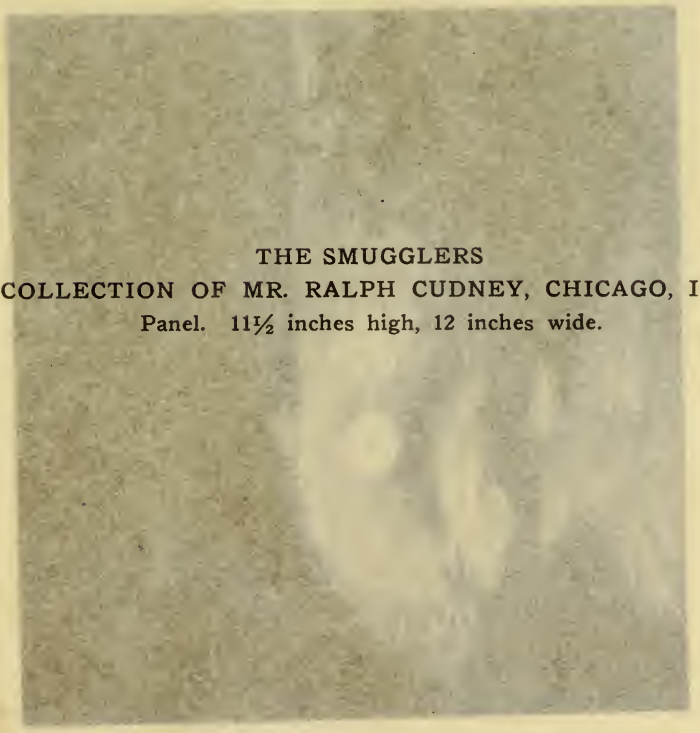
As a master of arabesque and a creator of pattern he succeeded in imbuing his compositions with beauties that are evident enough to need no elucidation, and he was enough of a master of design to employ it to advantage in certain compositions in which it is the para-

mount element of interest. Of his drawing Ryder himself said, in speaking of one of his pictures, "Perhaps you wouldn't say it had much drawing, but I think it has what you might call an air of drawing." It was a fine distinction but it was exact. He seldom drew well, seldom bothered about drawing, but his pictures have generally an air of drawing which suffices to make them seem well drawn. When he chose to be, however, he was a very sensitive draughtsman, and several of his paintings of horses, sheep and other animals, as well as domestic fowls and birds, are fine enough to prove that he possessed an unerring instinct for the very lines of truth and the ability to use it to advantage in his work. Nowhere else in sculpture or painting will one find anything more tragically beautiful or more poignantly pathetic than his picture of a dead canary. It is a more touching elegy upon a dead song-bird than one may hope to find in music or in poetry and it is a matchless piece of drawing as well. The Landscape with Sheep a fellow craftsman once hesitated to purchase because it seemed to him that the sheep were drawn better than Ryder could have drawn them.

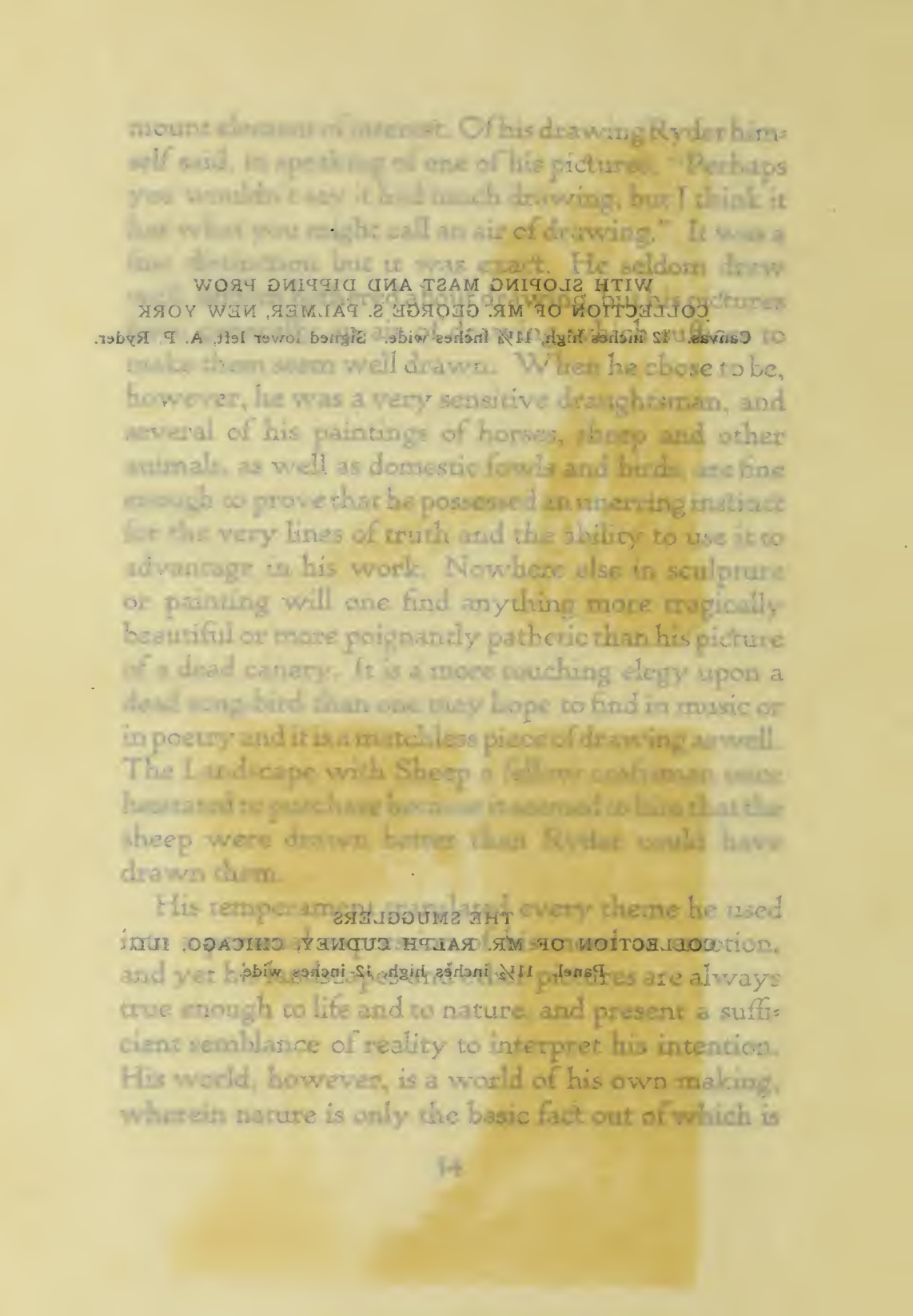
His temperament translated every theme he used into a personal expression of his mood or emotion, and yet his landscapes and other pictures are always true enough to life and to nature, and present a sufficient semblance of reality to interpret his intention. His world, however, is a world of his own making, wherein nature is only the basic fact out of which is



WITH SLOPING MAST AND DIPPING PROW
COLLECTION OF MR. GEORGE S. PALMER, NEW YORK
Canvas. 12 inches high, 11¼ inches wide. Signed lower left, A. P. Ryder.



THE SMUGGLERS
COLLECTION OF MR. RALPH CUDNEY, CHICAGO, ILL.
Panel. 11½ inches high, 12 inches wide.







evolved the wonder, the mystery and the witchery of an earth as far removed from this as Heaven is from Hell. His art is not to be correctly estimated by any of the ordinary tests that apply well enough to academic work, nor is it the product of any school or formula, for it is individual in a sense and to a degree that is hardly true of any other painter. It must be judged by its effects, as it moves us, and by one's reaction to its peculiar enchantment and appeal. Any literal or prosaic weighing of its worth is useless because the greater element in it, the spiritual portion, escapes evaluation in the process. One may with reasonable accuracy determine the relative value of design, of drawing or of color in an artist's work by established and accepted standards, but the quality of the imagination that pervades the best of Ryder's painting is to be appraised in no other way than by recording the measure of one's response to its inexplicable beauty.

In an age of sordid realism, he created visions that vied with the finest fabrics of man's imagination. His work has been compared with that of Delacroix, Monticelli, Blake, Whistler, Fuller and Blakelock. It is akin to them all in having certain points of contact and resemblance, which nevertheless in no way involve Ryder's very individual quality. Blake was a consummate master of linear design, for which Ryder also had a fine instinct that enabled him to inform several of his canvases with an elemental rhythm; other pictures have so nice a balance that anything less would have made them merely geometric. Whist-

ler he approached only as they both found interest in the poetry of life rather than in the prose. With George Fuller and with Blakelock he had much in common. The former generally specialized, like Ryder, in the expression of emotion, and both softened or entirely obscured the prosaic details of the compositions they created. Blakelock, with as little concern for whatever is literal and exact in landscape, and with a corresponding sensitiveness to and mastery of enchanting color, instilled into the sombre mystery of his finest works a magic of imagination quite as vivid and as rare as that which lights with splendor the shadowy depths of many of the best of Ryder's paintings. There are inescapable analogies between the painting of Ryder and the poetry of Poe and Coleridge. The thought of all three vibrated with a vivid perception of inevitable and impending tragedy, and was forever fixed upon possibilities of experience, mysterious and heroic, which they were precluded from ever realizing except in the realm of imagination.

Ryder had certain definite opinions about painting which will help us in various ways to realize his intentions, to appreciate his accomplishment and to better understand his art. He summed them up in the following paragraphs:

> "The artist should fear to become the slave of detail. He should strive to express his thought and not the surface of it. What avails a storm

cloud accurate in form and color if the storm is not therein? A daub of white will serve as a robe to Miranda if one feels the shrinking timidity of the young maiden as the heavens pour down upon her their vials of wrath."

"It is the first vision that counts. The artist has only to remain true to his dream and it will possess his work in such a manner that it will resemble the work of no other man — for no two visions are alike, and those who reach the heights have all toiled up the steep mountains by a different route. To each has been revealed a different panorama."

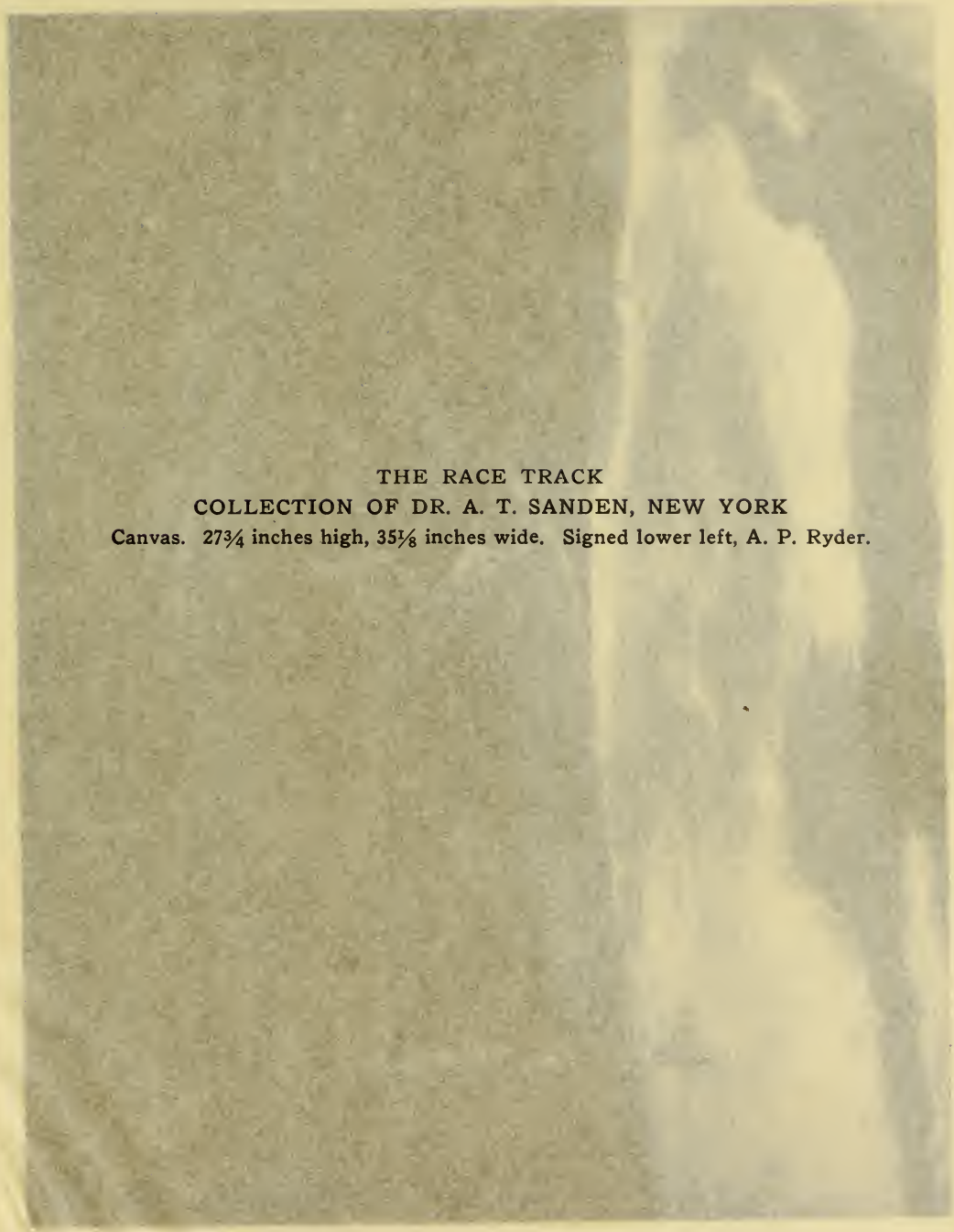
"Imitation is not inspiration, and inspiration only can give birth to a work of art. The least of a man's original emanation is better than the best of a borrowed thought. In pure perfection of technique, coloring and composition, the art that has already been achieved may be imitated, but never surpassed. Modern art must strike out from the old and assert its individual right to live through Twentieth Century impressionism and interpretation. The new is not revealed to those whose eyes are fastened in worship upon the old. The artist of today must work with his face turned toward the dawn, steadfastly believing that his dream will come true before the setting of the sun."

"The canvas I began ten years ago I shall perhaps complete today or tomorrow. It has been

ripening under the sunlight of the years that come and go. It is not that a canvas should be worked at. It is a wise artist who knows when to cry 'halt' in his composition, but it should be pondered over in his heart and worked out with prayer and fasting."

"Art is long. The artist must buckle himself with infinite patience. His ears must be deaf to the clamor of his insistent friends who would quicken his pace. His eyes must see naught but the vision beyond. He must await the season of fruitage without haste, without worldly ambitions, without vexation of spirit. An inspiration is no more than a seed that must be planted and nourished. It gives growth as it grows to the artist, only as he watches and waits with his highest effort."

Ryder's color and the way in which he used it is a calculable quantity in the genesis of his paintings just as truly as are either his conceptions or the designs in which they are embodied. One may estimate quite accurately its actual value in relation to the total effect produced by every picture he painted, though of course it cannot be mathematically stated. Whether the picture is thoroughly synthetic in its subtle harmonization of delicate shades and values, or whether it be simply a masterly piece of design, as is sometimes the case, the color itself, though in the former instance entirely neutral in effect, and in the latter seemingly



THE RACE TRACK

COLLECTION OF DR. A. T. SANDEN, NEW YORK

Canvas. 27¾ inches high, 35⅛ inches wide. Signed lower left, A. P. Ryder.

COLLECTION OF DR. A. T. SANDEN, NEW YORK

THE RACE TRACK

Canvas, 27¼ inches high, 35½ inches wide. Signed lower left, A. P. Ryder.

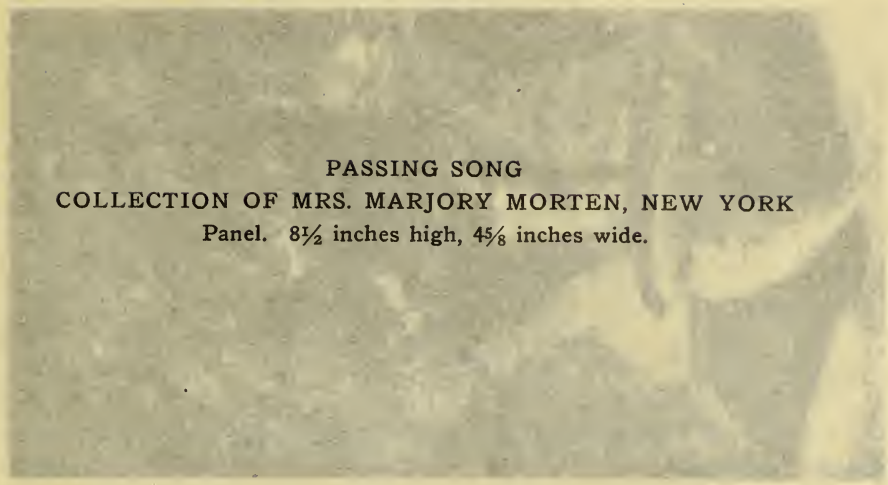


as negligible as that of a silhouette, is always an appreciable equation adding interest or meaning to the composition. His color simply as color embroiders his imaginations with rhymes as perfect as the rhythm of his line, and though a less important contribution to the poetry of his product than the design, in the sense that, one may say, rhyme is not a necessary part of poetry in that some of the noblest is written in blank verse, it is yet a means of informing it with an added loveliness. However, he had no such facility for correlating numerous colors in the elaboration of an attractive composition as the Venetians had, or Monticelli, or any of the other painters we think of as great colorists, and yet in a very limited and special sense he was a colorist of no little ability. He improvised upon the few notes that constituted his palette with extraordinary taste and feeling, and few have succeeded as he did in elaborating the theme of a single color in a symphony of such loveliness as is produced by some of his canvases in the key of blue, of green or of brown. In these pictures one encounters a fulness of expression quite extraordinary considering the fact that it is realized, through a manipulation of various shades and values, with the use of practically a single color. That this method of painting was his habit is unquestionably the indication of a limitation. The few subjects like The Flying Dutchman and The Story of the Cross, in which color is used more freely, must be appraised simply as the exceptions that prove the fact.

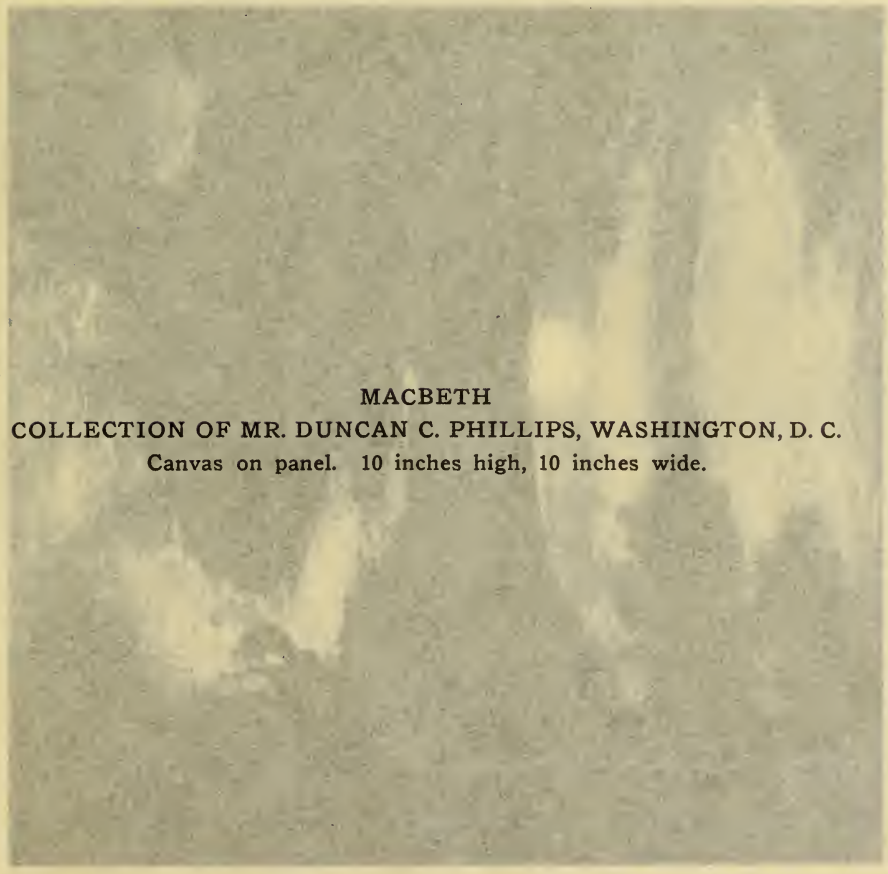
His finest paintings are evolved from his imagination, assisted, however, by vivid memories of certain actual aspects of nature necessary to whatever measure of illusion is required to make them not alone intelligible but superlatively intriguing in their sensitive expression. They express, moreover, some of the finer nuances of feeling and richer experiences of emotion that are rarely met with in modern art. He never used a model and yet practically every detail of the pose of his figures was studied from nature. He relied wholly upon a habit of minute observation and an excellent memory, and as a result his canvases are never literal transcripts of nature or of life but pictures that transcend reality in a sort of spiritual beauty glorifying the very truth of nature. Few of his compositions were ever arranged in his mind before they were begun.

They grew out of his feeling as he labored at his easel, until finally they satisfied him as expressing, at least, so far as he was capable of making them express, the idea or the emotion of which they were the visible embodiment.

Ryder's processes were very mysterious; probably no man can explain accurately his system of painting. The pictures which we see on the surface are the result of much underpainting, which was not done simply to attain pigment quality. It was often the result of laborious effort to achieve an effect, and although the composition is finally very simple, it is the very endeavor to attain this simplicity that



PASSING SONG
COLLECTION OF MRS. MARJORY MORTEN, NEW YORK
Panel. 8½ inches high, 4⅝ inches wide.



MACBETH
COLLECTION OF MR. DUNCAN C. PHILLIPS, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Canvas on panel. 10 inches high, 10 inches wide.

PASSING SONG

COLLECTION OF MRS. MARJORY MORTEN, NEW YORK

Panel, 8¼ inches high, 4¾ inches wide

His finest paintings are evolved from his imagination, assisted, however, by vivid memories of certain actual aspects of nature necessary to whatever measure of illusion is required to make them not alone intelligible but sympathetic and impressive expressions. They express, moreover, some of the finer nuances of feeling and richer experiences of emotion that are rarely met with in modern art. He never used a model and yet practically every detail of the pose of his figures was studied from nature. He relied wholly upon a habit of minute observation and an excellent memory, and as a result his canvases are never literal transcripts of nature or of life but pictures that transcend reality in a sort of spiritual beauty glorifying the very truth of nature. Few of his compositions were ever arranged in his mind before they were begun.

They grew out of his feeling as he labored at his easel, until finally they satisfied him as expressing, at least, so far as he was capable of making them express, the idea or the emotion of which they were the visible embodiment.

MACBETH

COLLECTION OF MR. DUNCAN C. PHILLIPS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Canvas on panel, 10 inches high, 10 inches wide.

Ryder's processes were very mysterious; probably no man can explain accurately his system of painting. The pictures which we see on the surface are the result of much underpainting, which was not done simply to attain pigment quality. It was often the result of laborious effort to achieve an effect, and although the composition is finally very simple, it is the very endeavor to attain this simplicity that





caused him to make innumerable changes as he proceeded with the picture. He was not methodical nor direct in painting, and never seemed to be in the least concerned about the durability of his pigments or his pictures.

He first visualized his composition on the canvas or panel with a warm transparent wash, producing the larger masses of light and dark contrast. Over this the pigment was applied with a full, free and impetuous brush. He now evidently proceeded by painting over this before the paint was thoroughly dry, ignoring the resulting lack of material unity between the first and later painting. The underpaint was locked in before properly hardened and dried; consequently when the underpainting and the overpainting expanded or contracted unequally, the uneven tension manifested itself in cracks, and most of Ryder's pictures have suffered in this way. This cracking was accelerated by the over use of varnish, oil and other drying media, the effect of which was to cause the outer paint to dry and harden while the unexposed under pigment was still soft.

He worked principally in two schemes of color, of one the dominant hue is warm, similar to the sienna's, the other a neutral blue-green like neutralized prussian blue. To create the cooler scheme more paint is employed and therefore the pigment is applied more heavily. This is very apparent in the many "moonlight" pictures. After unity of design was realized in the underpainting, transparent color

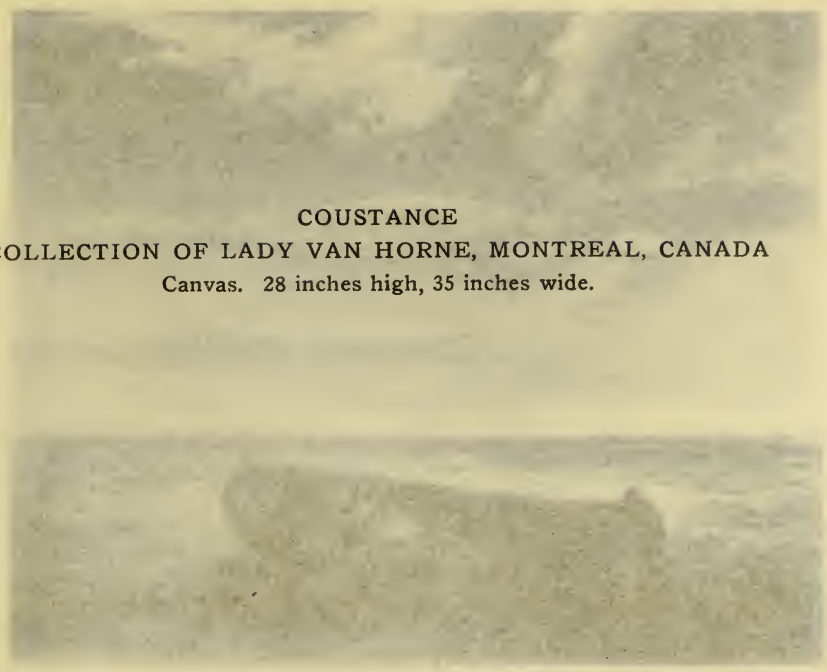
was used as a glaze. As the warmer colors such as burnt sienna are more transparent than the cooler ones, this glaze was applied more freely in the pictures conceived in these hues.

The glaze was used not only for subtle modulations of tone but to get deeper transparency and richer quality. In several pictures this transparent painting was also employed to add new elements or objects in the design. Obviously in such instances the method has no relation to the underpainting, the form added being, as it were an afterthought. An example of this curious procedure is to be seen in the Moonlight at Sea, in the Evans Collection at Washington, in which the flying sail is a mere wash and was not at all a part of the first conception, that is, the original picture.

Many of Ryder's pictures painted in neutral blue-green or "moonlight" colors have become dark and colorless, for he often superimposed dark over dark, and the paint has lost its original rich color and value for lack of light hues underneath. This is apparent in the large Macbeth and the Witches owned by Dr. Sanden.

Where white is introduced in the composite color with the more direct brushing thus required, the result is heavy and labored, which explains why Ryder is at his best in subjects that do not necessitate realistic rendering, and the form is vague. He seldom, if ever, painted the full sunlight, preferring the twilight, the shadows and the night.

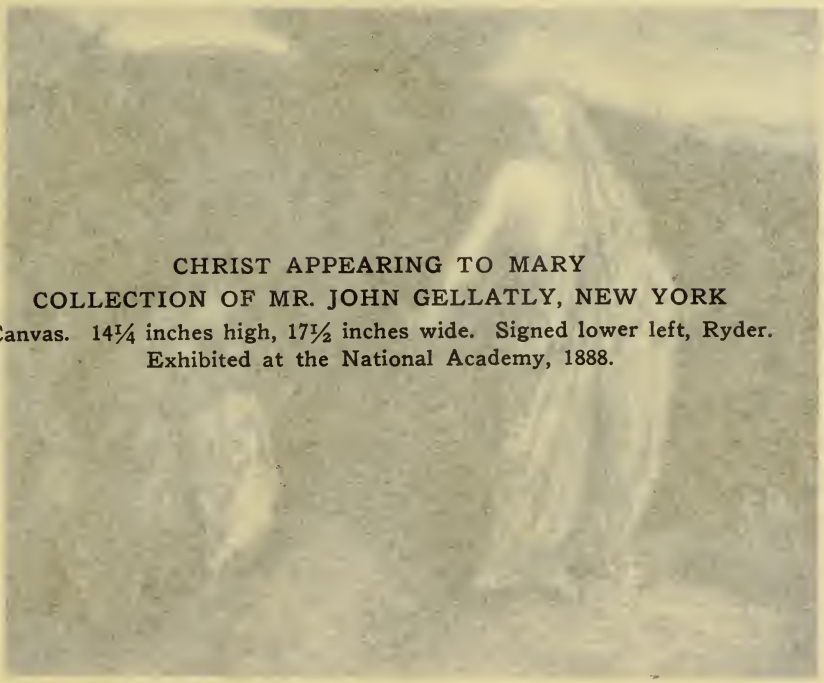
He never really did know how to paint in the ac-



COUSTANCE

COLLECTION OF LADY VAN HORNE, MONTREAL, CANADA

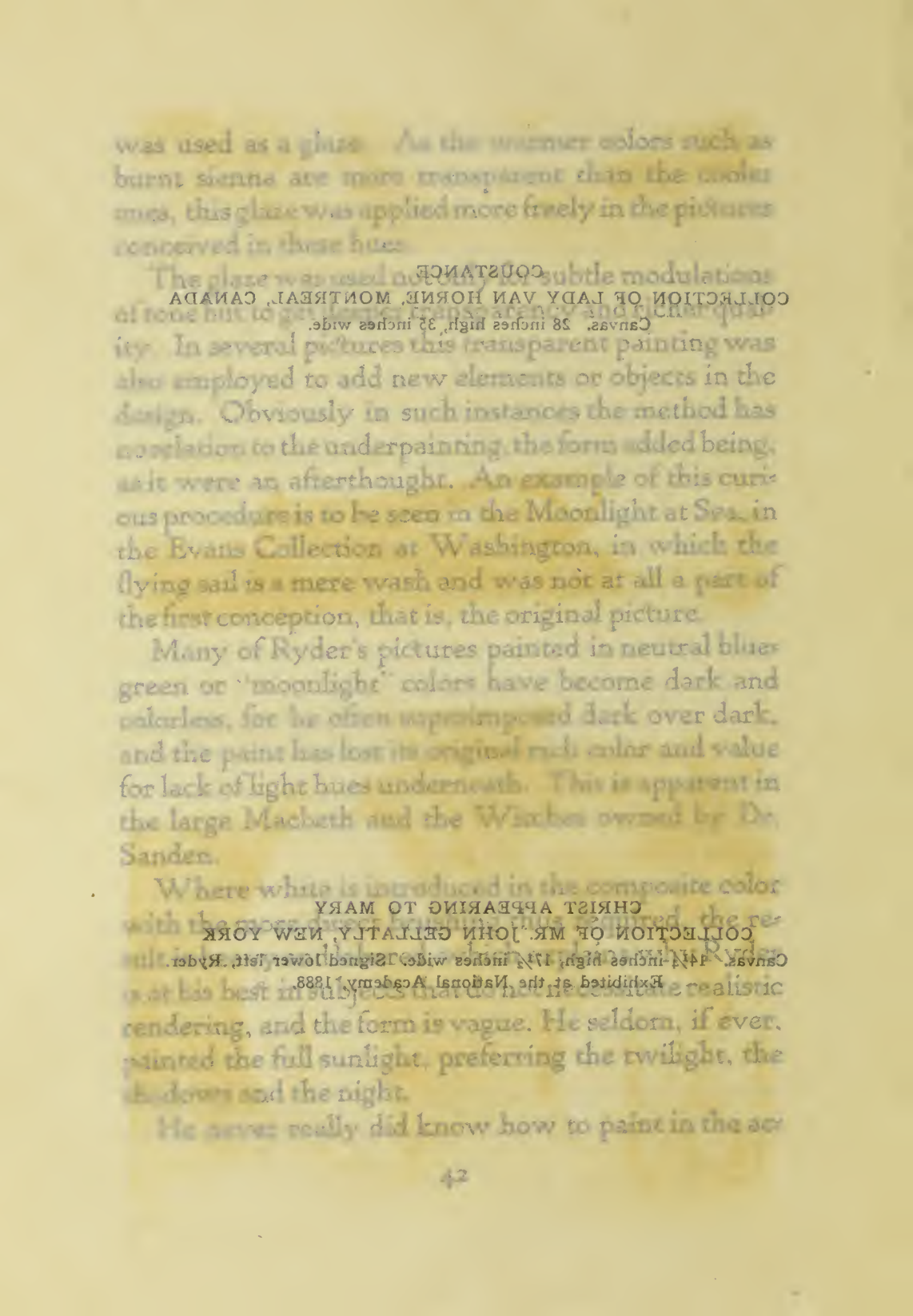
Canvas. 28 inches high, 35 inches wide.



CHRIST APPEARING TO MARY

COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN GELLATLY, NEW YORK

Canvas. 14¼ inches high, 17½ inches wide. Signed lower left, Ryder.
Exhibited at the National Academy, 1888.



CONSTANCE
COLLECTION OF LADY VAN HORNE, MONTREAL, CANADA
Canvas, 28 inches high, 35 inches wide.

CHRIST APPEARING TO MARY
COLLECTION OF MR. JOHN GELLATLY, NEW YORK
Canvas, 14½ inches high, 17½ inches wide. Signed lower left, Ryder.
Exhibited at the National Academy 1888.





cepted sense. He used poor pigments and destructive vehicles and as a result much of his old age was given up to conscientiously restoring the paintings of his youth, while others have been rescued from threatened ruin by professional restorers. His art, subjective and imaginative, was concerned chiefly in realizing his vision and in painting an enduring idea, unhappily regardless of an enduring picture. Mr. Guarino once asked Ryder if the cracking of his pictures ever bothered him and received the following reply; "When a thing has the elements of beauty from the beginning it cannot be destroyed. Take for instance Greek sculpture—the Venus de Milo I might say—ages and men have ravaged it, its arms and nose have been broken off, but it still remains a thing of beauty because beauty was a part of it from the beginning." The statement might be thought a piece of monumental conceit except for the man, from whom it was no more than a casual but characteristically thoughtful remark. It was not that he ever slighted his work, for he labored over his smallest panel longer probably than most artists over a huge canvas, and no one could ever prevail upon him to hurry the completion of even the least of his works. He had a faculty for handling pure color, and for enhancing its value by judicious glazing or enameling until it acquired a jewel-like brilliancy, but he was quite unmindful of the methods whereby he finished his pictures, being always absorbed in the integrity of his compositions as expressing forcibly and fully his ideas.

He was always a conscientious worker and at the height of his career in the nineties and early "nineteen hundreds" was always complaining of lack of time, though he labored both day and night over his pictures. To his friend, Mr. Harold W. Bromhead, of the English branch of the Cottier firm, he wrote, on August 2nd, 1901, "I have been so closely occupied here (the Fifteenth Street studio) and so desperate for time. Fortunately I have fine energy just now and will be able to work nights if necessary;" and on March 2nd, 1903, "Although things have not materialized yet it is not because I have held the honor lightly (Mr. Bromhead had planned an article on his work), but more because I have. There have been accidents, etc., and a fault, I sometimes think, the smallest thing I do it as if my life depended on it; and then the great shadow, always of the impossible and unobtainable." Mr. Bromhead tells me that it was quite pathetic to see his anxiety to finish things, for he often got no nearer in spite of desperate efforts, and adds, "It was the strange self-paralysis of genius, identical with that of Matthew Maris," with whose works some of Ryder's have, indeed, a certain affinity. With every picture he painted he labored for the fulfilment of his hopes and dreams; and often, detecting some flaw in a canvas long after it had left his studio, he would get it back and try to persuade it, like a refractory child, into a more engaging loveliness. So slowly and so carefully did he paint, indeed, that his entire product, the labor of a long lifetime, for

he lived his threescore years and ten, would not fill a medium sized gallery. His fame rests entirely upon his quality and it is questionable if a greater reputation has ever been earned with a more modest display of work. A careful inquiry extending over a number of years has resulted in the discovery of only about one hundred and fifty pictures.

PART FOUR

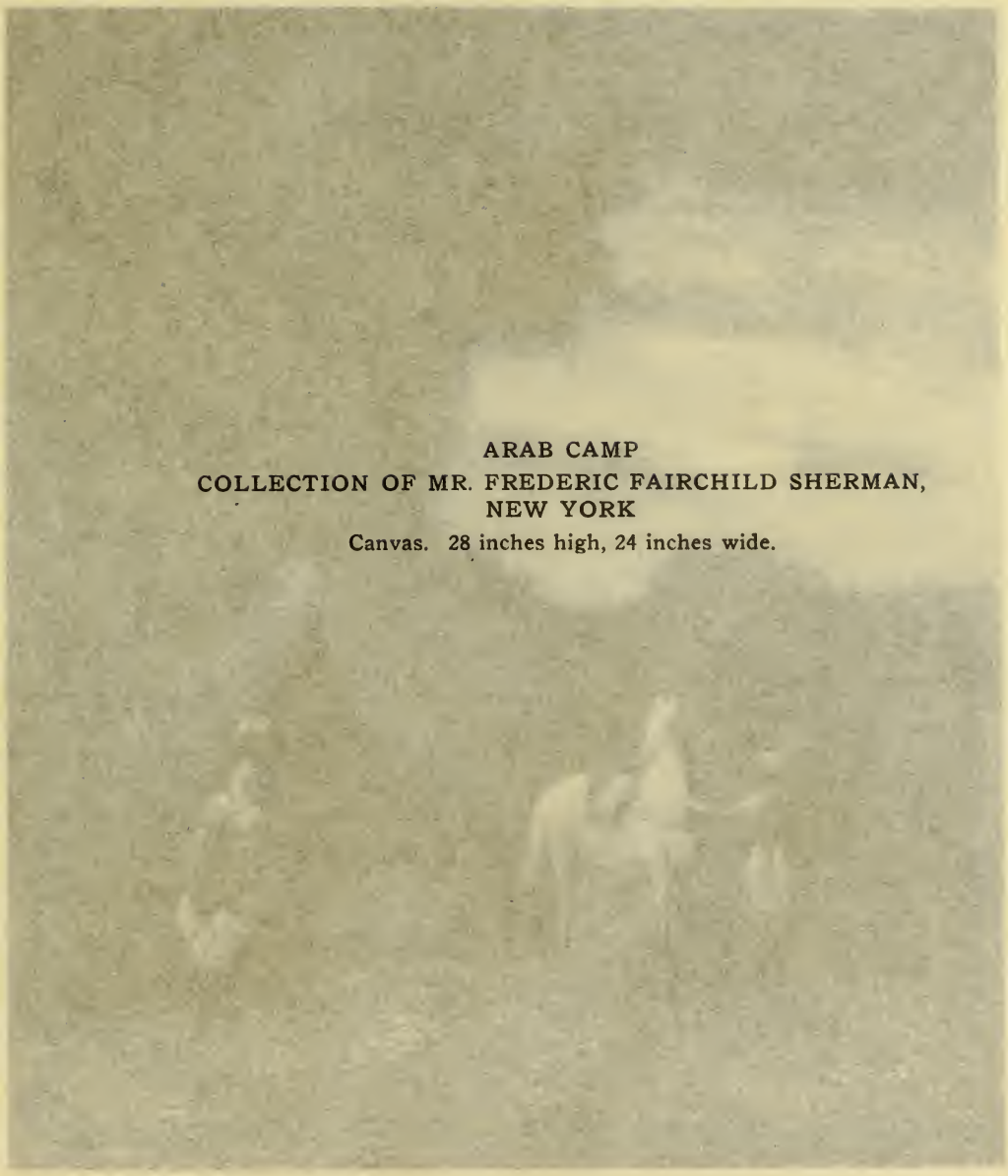
THE ideas of which Ryder's pictures are the visible expression need little elucidation, and yet I cannot forbear the feeling that it is distinctly worth while to translate them into words so far as I may. If I succeed at all in so doing, I think some, at least, may be enabled to appreciate more fully their meaning and this may suffice to excuse the endeavor.

Practically all of the pictures which remained in his studio at the time of his death were unfinished and very few of them are of any particular interest or importance. His later works were mostly of a peculiar washed-out gray tonality that corresponds with nothing produced in his best period, emphasizing his weaknesses as a craftsman rather than his greatness as an artist. Of the more ambitious of them, The Lorelei and The Tempest are in no way worth consideration in any estimate of his work. Of one of his earlier works I have as yet been unable to find any trace, which is all the more regrettable as I cannot but believe that it would be likely to enhance our opinion of his

ability. The picture to which I refer is the Nourmahal exhibited at the Society of American Artists in 1880. As it is not described in any of the newspaper notices of the exhibition one can only imagine its appearance, but the conclusion seems safe that when the canvas reappears, as it probably will some day, it will be found to belong with his few masterpieces.

The last large canvas that Ryder finished, The Racetrack, which he originally called The Reverse, is curiously one of the very limited number in which there appears anything unnecessary to the expression of the idea. The huge reptile, writhing along conspicuously evident in the foreground, in no way adds to the tragic interest of the picture and measurably interferes with the immediate realization of its significance. According to Mr. Walter Fearon it was the late Benjamin Altman who suggested the subject to Ryder, and the artist therefore took the canvas to Mr. Altman when he completed it some years later, only to find that in the meantime Mr. Altman had ceased to purchase American paintings. It finally became the property of Dr. A. T. Sanden, one of the artist's closest friends, who is the present owner. It is, so far as I know, one of only three or four of Ryder's pictures of which there is any authentic record in his own words. Of it he wrote:

> "As to how I came to paint 'The Race Track' —it was rather an inspirational matter. At this time my brother was the proprietor of the Hotel



ARAB CAMP

COLLECTION OF MR. FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN, NEW YORK

Canvas. 28 inches high, 24 inches wide.

ARAB CAMP
COLLECTION OF MR. FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN,
NEW YORK
Canvas, 28 inches high, 24 inches wide.

ability. The picture to which I refer is the Nourmahal exhibited at the Society of American Artists in 1880. As it is not described in any of the newspaper notices of the exhibition one can only imagine its appearance, but the conclusion seems safe that when the canvas reappears, as it probably will some day, it will be found to belong with his few masterpieces.

The last large canvas that Ryder finished, The Racetrack, which he originally called The Reverse, is curiously one of the very limited number in which there appears anything unnecessary to the expression of the idea. The huge reptile, writhing along conspicuously evident in the foreground, in no way adds to the picture and measurably interferes with the immediate realization of its significance. According to Mr. Walter Fearon it was the late Benjamin Altman who suggested the subject to Ryder, and the artist therefore took the canvas to Mr. Altman when he completed it some years later, only to find that in the meantime Mr. Altman had ceased to purchase American paintings. It finally became the property of Dr. A. T. Sanden, one of the artist's closest friends who is the present owner. It is, so far as I know, one of only three or four of Ryder's pictures of which there is any authentic record in his own words. Of it he wrote:

> "As to how I came to paint 'The Race Track' —it was rather an inspirational matter. At this time my brother was the proprietor of the Hotel



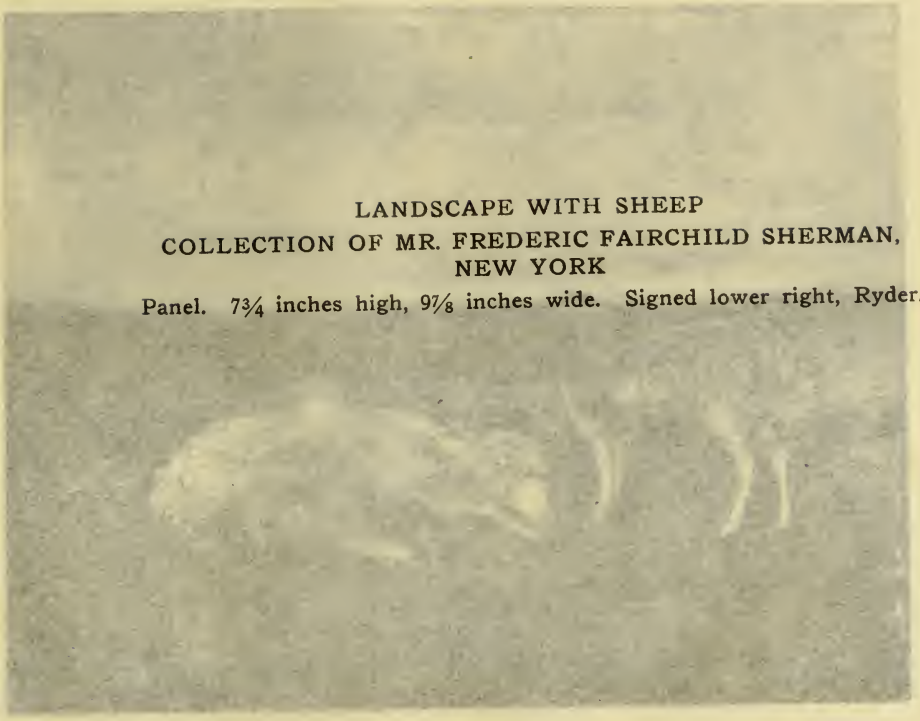
Albert and I frequently used to get my meals there and got acquainted with many of the waiters. I got acquainted with one, but I cannot recall his name, who was unusually intelligent and a proficient waiter and I sometimes used to chat with him. This was about the time the Dwyer brothers had their phenomenal success with their stable of race horses, as they won about all the important events throughout the country for over three or four years.

"In one of my talks with this waiter he mentioned this fact and that this was an easy way to make money. I, of course, told him that I did not consider it so, as there was always 'many a slip between the cup and the lip', and advised him to be careful. Not long after this, in the month of May, the Brooklyn Handicap was run, and the Dwyer brothers had entered their celebrated horse, Hanover to win the race. The day before the race I dropped into my brother's hotel and had a little chat with this waiter, and he told me that he had saved up $500 and that he had placed every penny of it on Hanover winning this race. The next day the race was run, and as racegoers will probably remember, Hanover came in third. I was immediately reminded that my friend the waiter had lost all his money. That dwelt on my mind, as for some reason it impressed me very much, so much so that I went around to my brother's hotel for breakfast the next morning,

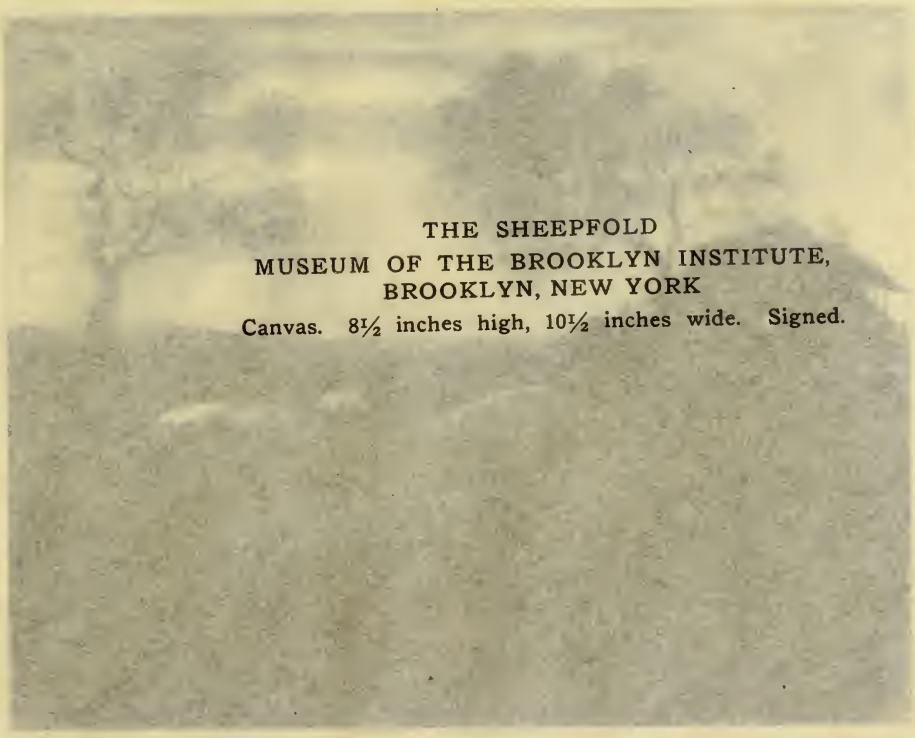
and was shocked to find my waiter friend had shot himself the evening before. This fact formed a cloud over my mind that I could not throw off, and 'The Race Track' is the result."

The Arab Camp, which I had the recent good fortune to discover, is one of the most beautiful of the tonal pictures he painted in what we may term the key of a single color and surely in it, if anywhere, one will find proof that he was a great colorist in the limited sense I have already indicated. In contradistinction to his general habit the composition is static, but in its elaboration there is to a supreme degree all of the inevitable poetry of Ryder's great imagination. The magic of his touch is apparent even in its farthest depths, and over all there is a glamour of truly Oriental splendour. Quality, which is a characteristic rather of small than large canvases, is conspicuously noticeable here and has much to do with the impressive grandeur of the scene.

The Sheepfold, one of the most satisfying of his smaller canvases, is one of the works that went from his studio to Scotland and has happily found its way back again to his native land. In it the quality and the intensity of the light impregnating the pervading darkness approximates closely the actual effect of the moonlit night, re-creating in a magical way the vibrating mystery that constitutes its essential charm. The huddled group of sheep instinctively drawn together by the dusk, and the lighted window of the farmhouse



LANDSCAPE WITH SHEEP
COLLECTION OF MR. FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN, NEW YORK
Panel. 7¾ inches high, 9⅞ inches wide. Signed lower right, Ryder.



THE SHEEPFOLD
MUSEUM OF THE BROOKLYN INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK
Canvas. 8½ inches high, 10½ inches wide. Signed.

and was shocked to find my water friend had shot himself the evening before. This fact formed a cloud over my mind that I could not throw off, and "The Race Track" is the result."

LANDSCAPE WITH SHEEP

COLLECTION OF MR. FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN, NEW YORK

Panel, 7¾ inches high, 9¾ inches wide. Signed lower right, Ryder.

good fortune to discover, is one of the most beautiful of the tonal pictures he painted in what we may term the key of a single color and surely in it, if anywhere, one will find proof that he was a great colorist in the limited sense I have already indicated. In contradistinction to his general habit the composition is static, but in its elaboration there is to a supreme degree all of the inevitable poetry of Ryder's great imagination. The magic of his touch is apparent even in its farthest depths, and over all there is a glamour of truly Oriental splendour. Quality, which is a characteristic rather of small than large canvases, is conspicuously noticeable here and has much to do with the impressive grandeur of the scene.

The Sheepfold, one of the most satisfying of his smaller canvases, is one of the works that went from his studio to Scotland and has happily found its way back. Here the quality and the intensity of the light intensifying the pervading darkness approximates closely the actual effect of the moonlit night, re-creating in a magical way the vibrating mystery that constitutes its essential charm. The huddled group of sheep instinctively drawn together by the dusk, and the lighted window of the farmhouse

THE SHEEPFOLD

MUSEUM OF THE BROOKLYN INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Canvas, 8½ inches high, 10½ inches wide. Signed.



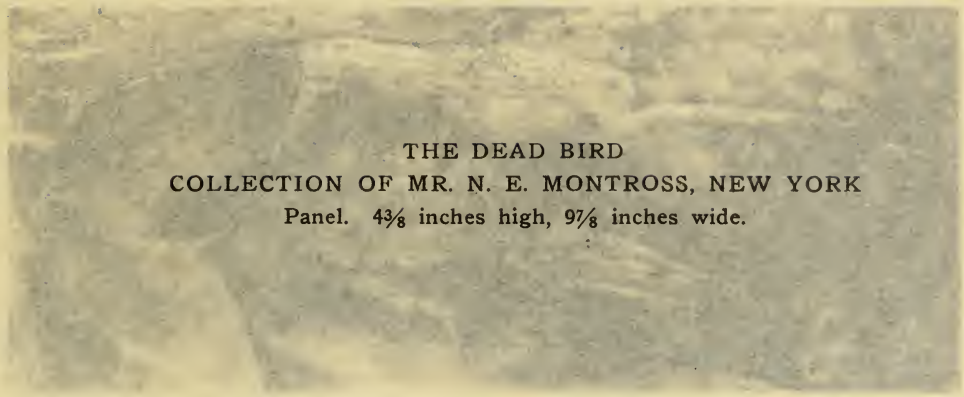


nearby, with its suggestion of the family gathered therein, lend the picture a definite human interest and a meaning that brings its beauty home to all.

Of his religious subjects, The Resurrection has little or nothing in common with any of the innumerable early pictures of the scene and yet it surpasses most, if not all of them, in an elevated mysticism unusual even among the masterpieces of religious art. He has painted the Christ as a suspended spirit, visible in human form and clothed in the cerements of the grave, the very color of the flesh intensifying the impression of one newly risen from the dead. The old masters pictured a living Presence, the measurable weight of which is supported by feet set firmly upon the earth. Ryder has succeeded in giving more conviction, at least from a modern view-point, to the spiritual import of the incident. The Jonah, which has no real counterpart in the art of any time or place, is a picture that belongs with the greatest of those that have been inspired by Scripture. It is a tremendous *tour de force* in which the emotion of the subject transfigures the representation and pervades the picture with a sense of the immanent miracle. The composition is, indeed, in the grand manner, and the sense in which it is deliberately constructed to express the idea is perfectly evident. To say that the wonder of the incident emerges from the canvas is to admit its equality with the greatest of religious representations in pictorial art. Ryder wrote to Thomas B. Clarke in April, 1885, while he was working

on the Jonah, saying, "Many thanks for your kind remembrance of the Temple of the Mind. So sorry not to have seen you... I am in ecstasies over my Jonah; such a lovely turmoil of boiling water and everything ...If I get the scheme of color that haunts me I think you will be delighted with it." He probably did just that, and we may assume that Mr. Clarke *was* delighted, for it hung for several years in his great collection of American paintings, which, at one time or another, included almost all of the canvases that are now considered the masterpieces of nineteenth century American painting. The Story of the Cross is another Biblical picture I would include among his important works. It is one of the few of his canvases in which color is noticeably present and it is one of his loveliest conceptions. The scene resembles more the compositions familiar to students of Italian painting in the Renaissance, and yet the picture itself is a very individual and charmingly sympathetic representation from which one gathers a new understanding of the poetry of the Gospels. The Christ appearing to Mary is also very rich in color and full of sensible suggestion of a very tender emotion.

The finest of his many marines is perhaps the small canvas in Mr. Cudney's possession called A Sea Tragedy; the most beautiful, The Flying Dutchman, owned by Mr. Gellatly. The former is the greater picture, I should say, inasmuch as it is less involved and more truly and eloquently expressive. It has an appearance of rare simplicity and impresses one



THE DEAD BIRD
COLLECTION OF MR. N. E. MONTROSS, NEW YORK
Panel. 4⅜ inches high, 9⅞ inches wide.



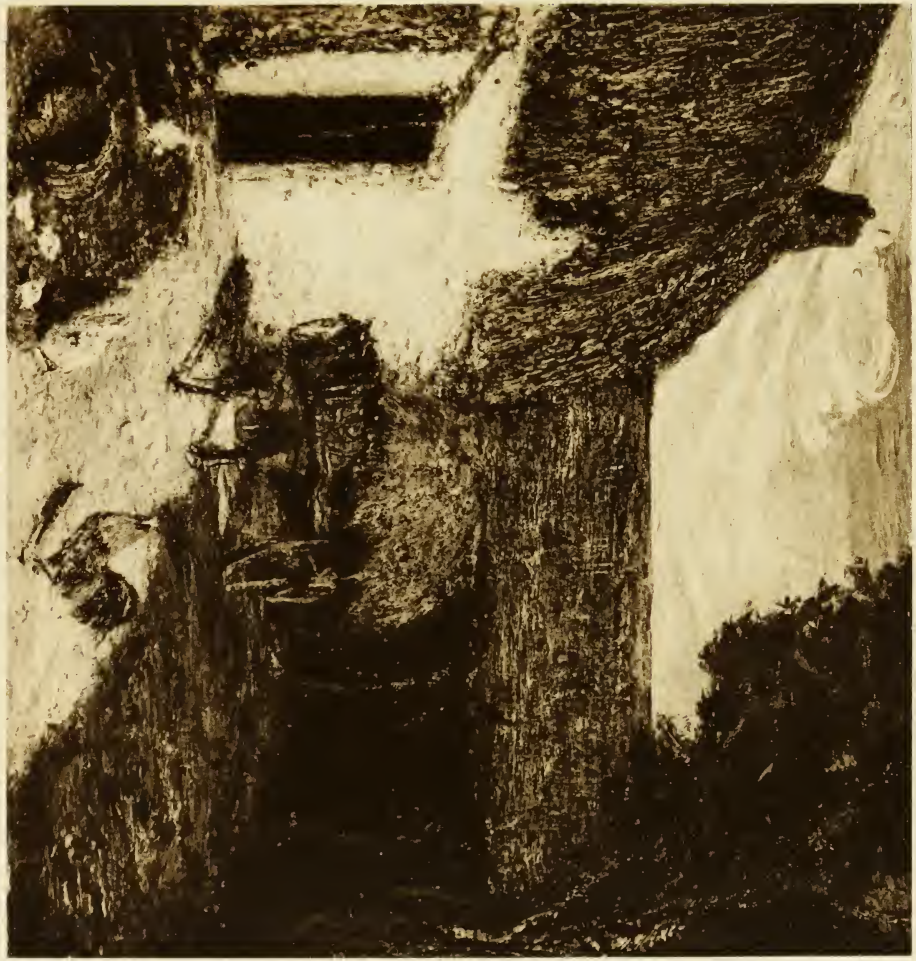
THE BARNYARD
COLLECTION OF MR. A. H. COSDEN,
SOUTHOLD, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.
Canvas, 11¼ inches high, 12 inches wide.

on the Jonah, saying, "Many thanks for your kind remembrance of the Temple of the Mind. So sorry not to have seen you. Am in ecstasies over my Jonah; such a lovely [illegible] and everything ...If I get the scheme of color that haunts me I think you will be delighted with it." He probably did just that, and we may assume that Mr. Clarke *was* delighted, for it hung for several years in his great collection of American paintings, which, at one time or another, included almost all of the canvases that are now considered the masterpieces of nineteenth century American painting. The Story of the Cross is another Biblical picture I would include among his important works. It is one of the few of his canvases in which color is noticeably present and it is one of his loveliest conceptions. The scene resembles more the compositions familiar to students of Italian painting in the Renaissance, and yet the picture itself is a very individual and charmingly sympathetic representation from which one gathers a new understanding of the poetry of the Gospels. The Christ appearing to Mary is also [illegible] and full of sensible suggestion.

The finest of the Ryder marines is perhaps the small canvas in Mr. Cudney's possession called A Sea Tragedy; the most beautiful, The Flying Dutchman, owned by Mr. Gellatly. The former is the greater picture, I should say, inasmuch as it is less involved and more truly and eloquently expressive. It has an appearance of rare simplicity and impresses one

THE DEAD BIRD
COLLECTION OF MR. N. E. MONTROSS, NEW YORK
Panel, 13⅜ inches high, 9⅞ inches wide.

THE BARNYARD
COLLECTION OF MR. A. H. COSDEN, SOUTHOLD, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.
Canvas, 11¼ inches high, 12 inches wide.





very forcibly with a full realization of the beauty of the moonlit sea. The latter, lovely in its coloring and sensitive in its interpretation, is, after all, limited in meaning by a sometimes unconscious but always inevitable instinct on the part of the spectator to measure its importance simply as an illustration for a famous poem. It is a little more than that, however, and deserves to be considered on its own merits as a picture. Such subtleties of value, such mysteries of shadow and of light as he summons to make the phantom ship more moving as an imaginative creation, will be found in few paintings. Its color alone is a fine achievement. A vivid portrayal of the turmoil of a storm at sea, it is obviously a work in which various elements of design such as rhythm, balance and arabesque are readily recognized as responsible in large measure for its emphasis and authority. The large Moonlight on the Sea in the Van Horne collection is another canvas that should receive mention here. It is a composition of unusual interest and power, in which action is ably attained by a truly rhythmic balance of masses of light and dark. The simple expedient of representing the yawl on even keel in the midst of a boisterous sea provides a convincing symbol of stability and safety.

The originality of Ryder's art is nowhere more apparent than in his small marines. Structurally and technically they represent him at his best. The balance of the masses, the rhythm of line, the quality of color and the handling of light and shadow, all combine to create a vivid reality. They have practically no actual

semblance of truth, however, being deliberate inventions incorporating in designs of studied simplicity ideas of movement and space, colored so as to suggest an enveloping mystery and lit by a profound imagination with a curious and portentous glamour.

Rocky coast and rounded hills, clouds, the restless tide, ships—all that is obvious—exists in Ryder's pictures only as form; form, however, that suffices to signify fact. Having established an intelligible image of reality he then resorts to an unusual disposition of light and shade, emphasized by a singular though extremely simple color scheme, worked out with curious and effective variations of values, which finally invests his pictures with indescribable suggestions of the infinite wonder and majesty of the deep.

Practically all of his pictures of this kind have much in common; a curious cloud formation with slight variation is found in most of them and is the dominant factor in their design, a certain form of boat is found in many, and not a few present similar forms of stony promontory or quiet cove. He often succeeded in combining elements from two or three canvases in a picture in such a way as to produce a new and seemingly original work. These works, however new, in the sense that they affected one differently as he improvised, were really variations upon a single theme. Even the color which is so considerable an element in their effectiveness is similar in most of them, and the fact that in quality and intensity it is almost unique in

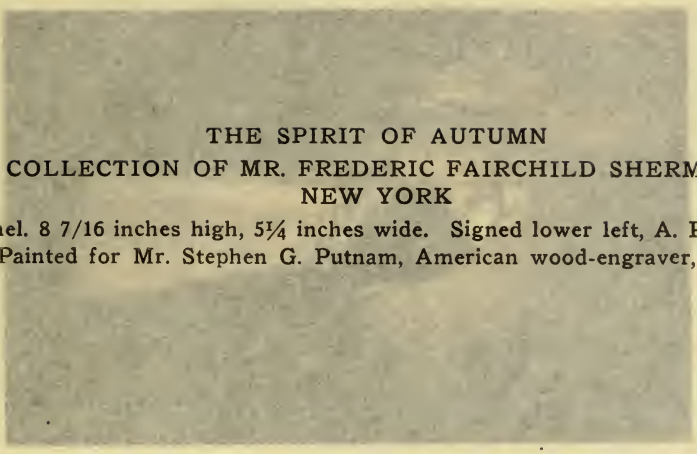
painting accounts, unquestionably, as much as anything else for their powerful appeal.

Out of the austere grandeur of The Sea owned by Mr. Gellatly; the portentous sky of Mr. Montross's Marine; the moonlight of the picture in the National Gallery at Washington and the boat in the Toilers of the Sea at the Metropolitan Museum he constructed a moving epic like the Sea Tragedy. Obviously unreal in itself, it embodies the very reality of the tragedy of the sea, and by appealing to the imagination rather than the intellect releases subconscious presentiments of indescribable verisimilitude that are no more truthful mental images of remembered scenes than the painting itself is a faithful transcript of nature. The picture presents the bare outlines of fact, with all the natural and customary qualifications of momentary beauty omitted, and thus emphasizes the constant and incalculable force and magnitude of the subject.

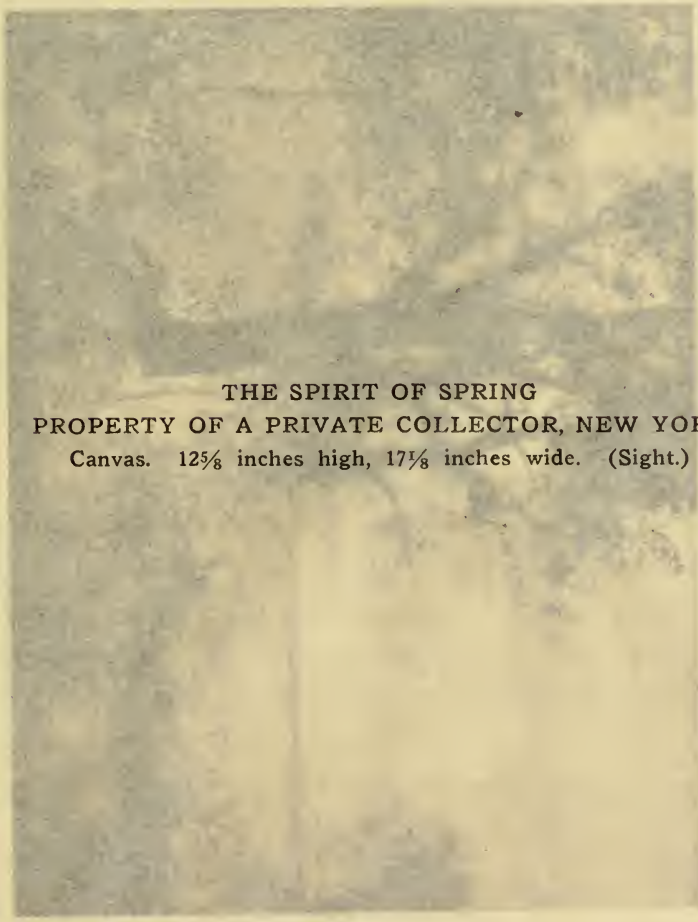
Of the many canvases that testify to his power as a painter of this type of picture, the Moonlit Cove has long been highly esteemed. A small canvas, it seems large because the composition is confined to a few simple forms. Their disposition is such as to throw a shadow over the boat upon the beach and the moonlight envelops the whole scene in mystery. With slight alteration he used much the same design in a number of other works. Sometimes the composition is reversed but invariably the theme is the same. It is a realization in color of the mystery and the poetry of the night. In the terms of music, each and every one

of these variations upon the theme is a singularly beautiful and satisfying poem in itself. One of them, recently discovered, is in some ways more perfect than the picture already mentioned in its exploitation of the same artistic purpose. In this painting, The Wreck, the bare mast and bowsprit of the stranded schooner break the silhouette of the cliff against the sky and the cavernous mouth of the cave at the right relieves again the slightly monotonous effect of that mass as it appears in the former work. Though but details, these deviations add something of variety to the composition and seemingly intensify the idea of mystery which is the dominant interest in all of these paintings. Furthermore, the color is more skilfully handled, so as to discover such suggestive forms as the shadow of the boat, the mouth of the cave and the inequalities of the rough mass of the projecting cliff.

Another marine of peculiar interest is called Homeward Bound. It is the picture painted by the artist for his friend Capt. John Robinson of the Atlantic Transport Line, now retired, upon whose ship, the Minominee, Ryder crossed the Atlantic in the early 'nineties.' A work of about 1893 or '94, in mood and technic it varies considerably from other works from his hand. It is more nearly realistic than his marines generally are and less dependent upon the imaginative vigor of a peculiarly personal conception. It retains something of the actual loveliness of the sea and more than is usual in his work of the intimate human interest that is focused in a solitary boat. It was intended to repre-



THE SPIRIT OF AUTUMN
COLLECTION OF MR. FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN,
NEW YORK
Panel. 8 7/16 inches high, 5¼ inches wide. Signed lower left, A. P. Ryder.
Painted for Mr. Stephen G. Putnam, American wood-engraver, 1875.



THE SPIRIT OF SPRING
PROPERTY OF A PRIVATE COLLECTOR, NEW YORK
Canvas. 12⅝ inches high, 17⅛ inches wide. (Sight.)

of these variations upon the theme is a singularly beautiful and satisfying picture. One of them, recently discovered, is in some respects more perfect than the first, and is certainly more perfect than the second in point of the same artistic purpose. In this painting, The Wreck, the bare mast and bowsprit of the stranded schooner break the silhouette of the cliff against the sky and the cavernous mouth of the cave at the right relieves again the slightly monotonous effect of that mass as it appears in the former work. Though but details, these deviations add something of variety to the composition and seemingly intensify the idea of mystery which is the dominant interest in all of these paintings. Furthermore, the color is more skilfully handled, so as to discover such suggestive forms as the shadow of the boat, the mouth of the cave and the inequalities of the rough mass of the projecting cliff.

Another marine of peculiar interest is called Homeward Bound. It is the picture painted by the artist for his friend Capt. John Robinson of the Atlantic Transport Line, in which he made many voyages to the Minominee, Ryder crossed the Atlantic frequently. A work of about 1893 or '94, in mood and technic it varies considerably from other works from his hand. It is more nearly realistic than his marines generally are and less dependent upon the imaginative vigor of a peculiarly personal conception. It retains something of the actual loveliness of the sea and more than is usual in his work of the intimate human interest that is focused in a solitary boat. It was intended to repre-





sent the return to port of a fishing craft laden with the 'catch' and it is not unsuccessful in the prose of that intention, however more engaging it is in the poetry of its blending of the colors of the sea and the sky with the rhythm of the clouds, the waves and the movement of the home-bound yawl. It is very colorful in a subdued sense and has none of the forbidding darkness of most of the moonlit sea pictures. Personally I find it the most enchanting of them all.

Of the two Pegasus pictures my preference is for the one belonging to the Worcester Art Museum, in which the figure rides his white winged horse out of the radiant heavens right over the edge of the world, bringing back to us today the message of the gods. What matters it if the winged horse is badly drawn? The spindly legs that would scarcely carry its weight subconsciously emphasize the power of those mighty wings outspread. In the other canvas Pegasus is leaving this world for starry pastures in fairy lands unknown, but with a sensible lack of the airy ease of his arrival in the former picture.

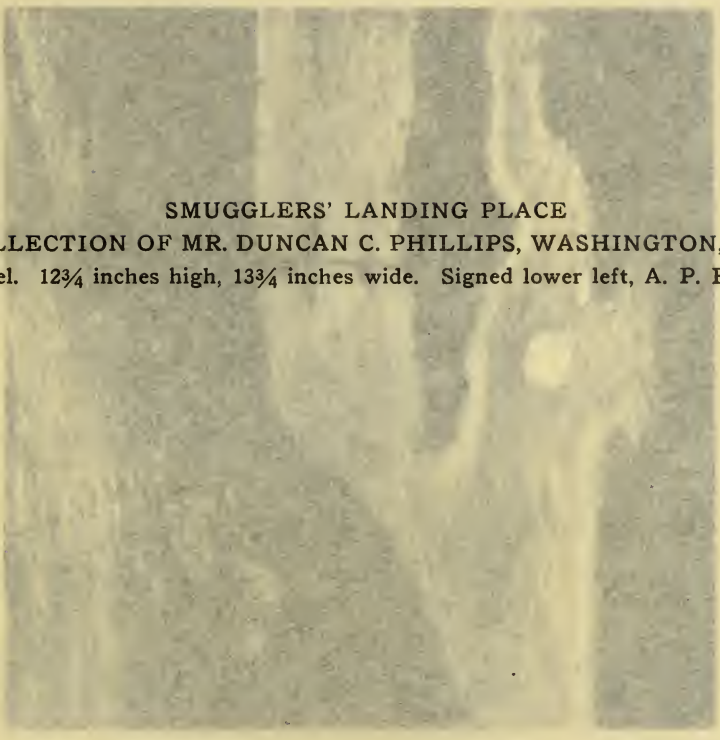
The small Macbeth belonging to Duncan Phillips is filled with an atmosphere unreal and quite uncanny, the witches all but hidden in the fearsome shadows of the night. There is more light in the large picture owned by Dr. Sanden and the fuller definition of detail diminishes the sense of the presence of Fate which makes the smaller canvas such an awesome interpretation of supernatural potency.

In the Autumn exhibition of the National Academy

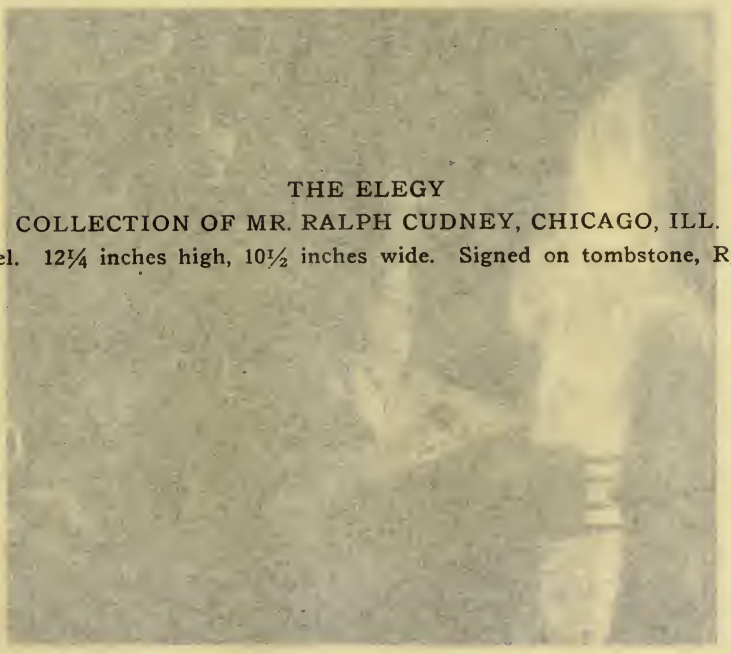
of design in 1887 Ryder showed a picture of Ophelia of which I could find no trace when I began writing this book. In the spring of last year, a friend to whom I happened to mention the matter was reminded of such a picture, with which she had been familiar some years ago, and offered to try to get it for me to see. Only recently I had the pleasure of acquiring it, through her, from the former owner. It is a symphony in golden browns and yellows, relieved by notes of rose and white and green as they occur in the wreath of flowers about Ophelia's head and the foliage and blossoms lying in her lap. It is such a touching, such a tender rendering of this supremely tragic figure as one may not hope to find the equal of save in Shakespere's text itself. Its persuasive beauty seems like a reincarnation of all that was best in the finest interpretations of the role which one has witnessed upon the stage.

Siegfried and the Rhine Maidens and the Dancing Dryads are the most rhythmical and musical of his works, the former dramatic and the latter lyric in intention. Both are color harmonies of singular charm, though literally speaking hardly more than a single color chord suffices for that approximation of melody which in each is palpably the basic element of beauty.

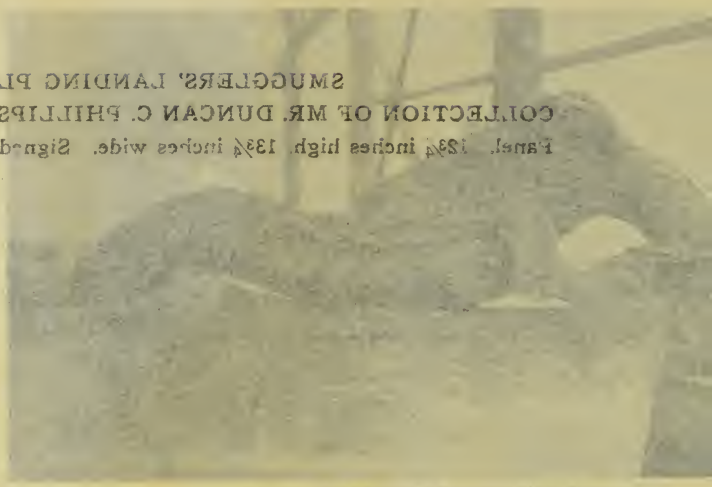
The Passing Song is a little picture of persuasive loveliness. It is one of the most romantic as well as one of the most colorful of his creations. The verses he wrote to go with it, which follow, are a more illuminating commentary on its meaning than I could hope to improvise:



SMUGGLERS' LANDING PLACE
COLLECTION OF MR. DUNCAN C. PHILLIPS, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Panel. 12¾ inches high, 13¾ inches wide. Signed lower left, A. P. Ryder.



THE ELEGY
COLLECTION OF MR. RALPH CUDNEY, CHICAGO, ILL.
Panel. 12¼ inches high, 10½ inches wide. Signed on tombstone, Ryder.



SMUGGLERS' LANDING PLACE

COLLECTION OF MR. DUNCAN C. PHILLIPS, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Panel. 12¾ inches high, 13¾ inches wide. Signed lower left, A. P. Ryder.

Courtesy Grand Galleries-American News Bureau

CARVING IN NORWEGIAN CATHEDRAL, NORWAY

visitor will be able to s
throughout the countr
churches, cathedrals, a
of study to all interested
tecture and ornament h

The third exhibition
This exposition, as no
Paintings and portraits
be included. Cities and
the new faith introduce
ancient prints and pam
the principal events of the

NEXT spring Norway will celebrate the nine-hundredth anni
versary of the founding of the Christian Church in Northern
Europe. The year 1930 is the date usually assigned to historians
to the reign of Olaf the Saint, who was not only the first
northern kingdom. There will
be many distinct exposition
The first and foremost will be the
so-called Olaf exposition in the
Trondheim Cathedral, the
commemoration of which will take
a complete effect to its thousand
and seventy years of continuous exist
ence. Interest will center,
naturally, in the restored Ro
Window in the west front of the
Trom Kirk, and there is no

THE ELEGY

COLLECTION OF MR. RALPH CUDNEY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Panel. 12¾ inches high, 10½ inches wide. Signed on tombstone, Ryder.







" By a deep flowing river,
There is a maiden pale,
And her ruby lips quiver
A song on the gale.

Adown the same river,
A youth floats along;
And the lilting waves shiver
As he echoes her song.

Nearer, still nearer,
His frail bark doth glide.
Will he shape his course to her
And remain by her side?

Alas, there's no rudder
To the ship that he sails.
The maiden doth shudder—
Blow seaward the gales.

Sweeter and fainter
The song cometh back;
And her mind it will darken
And her heart it will rack.

And then she'll grow paler
With this fond memory;
Paler and paler
And then she will die."

In the Forest of Arden one finds the significance of the painting in the broken limb of a blasted tree repeating the gesture of the cavalier who woos his lady in the foreground, and dwells upon the beauty of Love's

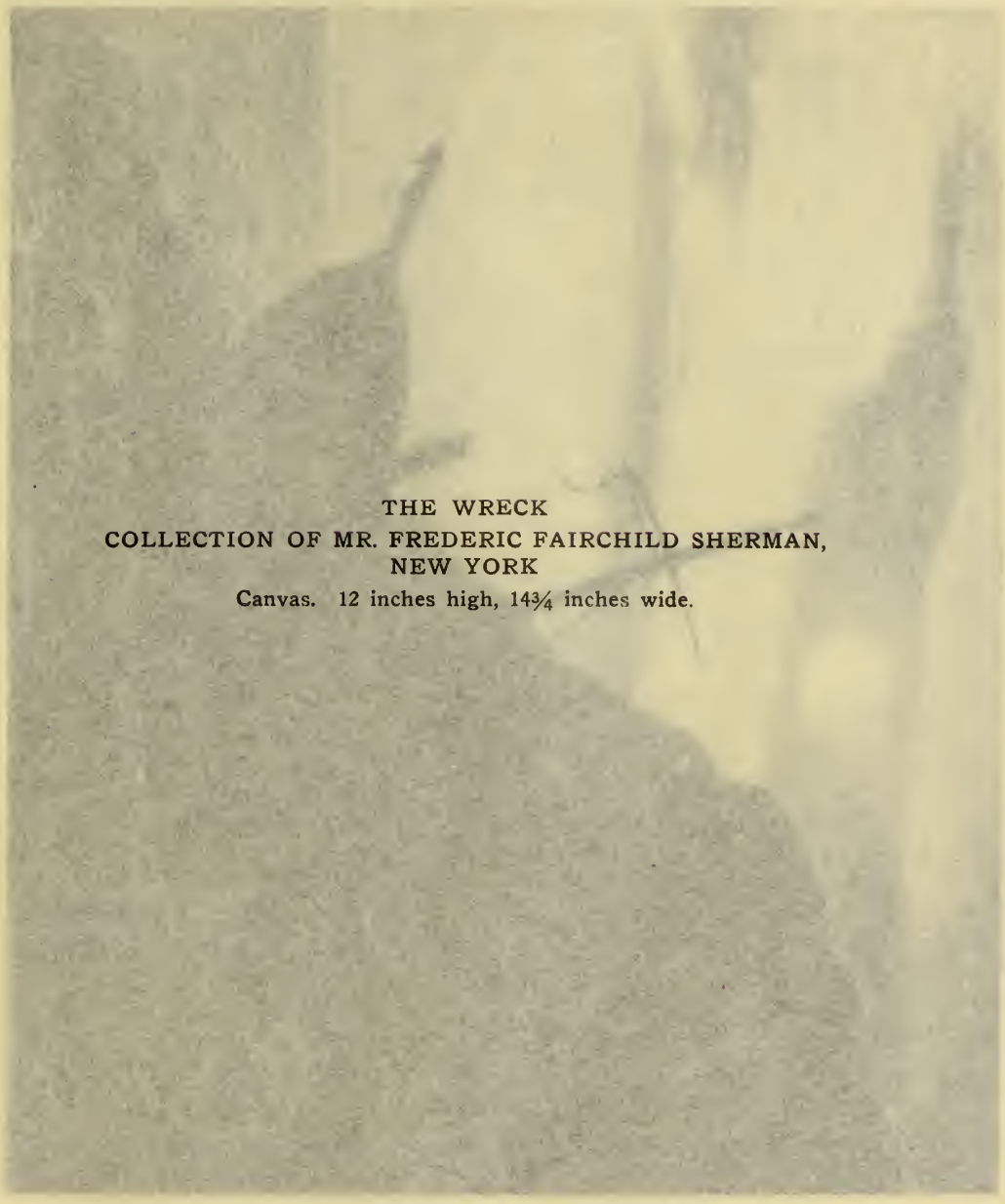
demesne while that dumb finger of earth's dead points upward as if to recall the lasting loveliness of Heaven.

Such works as the Gay Head sketch and the various Barnyard pictures are representative of what he could accomplish in the way of realism. It is not, of course, the rough realism of painting divorced from the subtleties that are as the breath of life to pictorial art. His interpretation of realities is conspicuously associated with a certain fineness of feeling that saves the most literal of his characterizations from the banality of the commonplace.

The finest of his landscapes is probably that owned by Miss Bloodgood, who knew the artist and chose it from several canvases in his studio at the time it passed into her possession. He kept it as usual for a few days to get just the feeling he wanted it to embody, and in the meantime he wrote her, March 17, 1898:

> "I came very near finishing the picture today; I think I have the little figures capital. It might be my luck to get the quality I am after tomorrow, if so I will bring it up to you tomorrow evening; if not I will take the liberty of calling to tell you the why and wherefore."

The picture is very reserved and dignified in composition, simple in construction and surprising in its suggestion of infinite spaciousness. Not so much in what it represents as in what it implies of an understanding of the elemental facts of nature does it fulfill the requirements of a masterpiece of landscape art.



THE WRECK

COLLECTION OF MR. FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN, NEW YORK

Canvas. 12 inches high, 14¾ inches wide.

THE WRECK
COLLECTION OF MR. FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN,
NEW YORK
Canvas, 12 inches high, 14½ inches wide.



There are other works as interesting and as important as any included in this resume which I have not mentioned, not because they are any less truly expressive and impressive, but merely because I feel that these are sufficient to acquaint one with the variety and the importance of his achievement.

PART FIVE

RYDER is to my way of thinking the greatest of all our purely imaginative painters. His pictures are notable for the larger and more vital qualities of design and for the subtle elements of atmosphere and chiaroscuro. It is true, however, that his predilections for precious passages of color, the finer adjustments of values, and for the manipulation of pigment in an effort to get unusual quality were very nearly an obsession with him. It is also true that he exaggerated one or another or all of these, at times, to a point where mere painting actually obscures the vision. He also almost invariably reduced to the measure of a personal presentation his interpretation of every subject, and the characteristic intimacy of his appeal is, in a way, undoubtedly an accurate index of his limitations. All of which is enough I hope to convince the reader that I am quite sensible of his deficiencies and will I trust give point to my endeavor to substantiate my belief in his greatness.

The originality of his invention is individual and unique. It provides new incident to inform historic

facts and romantic ideas with new meaning. His pictures cannot be lightly dismissed by any but a commonplace mind. In the very depths of even the most unfathomable of them there are impalpable suggestions of secret beauty. The simplest of his small marines are big in a way more important than that of mere size. The boat that appears in them is a sensible symbol of Life presented in such a manner as to illustrate forcibly the uncertainty that encompasses it. With consummate skill he manipulates his color until its very intensity approaches the air of nameless premonition that descends with darkness on the deep, and simultaneously he develops his line until the measured rise and fall of the sea is felt. Thus he contrives a vivid presentation that is no less moving than the dramatic interpretations of the realists, and reaches heights of ecstasy and depths of despair that are not to be approached or made intelligible except through the imagination. The Marine in the National Gallery at Washington, that in the Van Horne Collection at Montreal, Burton Mansfield's and the canvas entitled With Sloping Mast and Dipping Prow are examples. They are as fine as poems of the moonlight on the water as the masterpieces of Van der Neer, which indeed are the only other paintings I recall wherein one will find a corresponding sense of the poetry of the subject, as well as a similarly sensitive translation of it into visible form.

New Bedford, during the artist's boyhood, was one of the greatest of American whaling ports; and one

gathers that some of the tales of the sea told in the streets, and repeated undoubtedly in his own home, must have contributed in no small way to the enlargement of Ryder's understanding of its immensity and power. His marines are almost as wonderful for their calculated and compelling beauty of color and design as Winslow Homer's are for their tragic significance. The inherent power of the sea and the tides is as nicely felt and as ably expressed in the poetry of Ryder's small panels as in the prose of Homer's largest canvases, though the latter may bring it home to us more often and more forcibly by his persistent emphasis on the contrast of man's precarious struggling to get therefrom a living and the interminable struggle of the ocean to undermine the very earth on which we live.

Although Ryder never consciously attempts to point a moral in a picture or to tell a story, practically all of his work is informed with meaning and pregnant with suggestion—so much so, indeed, that from the best of it one gets an intellectual as well as an emotional pleasure of the highest sort. He sacrifices innumerable delightful details and seldom introduces any unnecessary interest that interferes with the immediate realization of an idea, and his works are sufficient evidence, I think, of the wisdom of his choice between the vital and the ineffectual elements in their composition and their execution.

Of the obvious accuracy of his subtle gradations of tones and values it is unnecessary to speak at length, but it should be remembered that the processes by

which such effects as he got are obtained are neither easy nor well understood. What seems in the finished canvas so simple is, in reality, a sensitive embodiment of intangible and elusive elements of color and of light that is remarkable rather for its absence in the art of his time. It is a manifestation of beauty that is noticeably a characteristic of only the greatest of painters, and its rarity is a rather convincing proof of the difficulty of this means of expression. In the hands of a Rembrandt it is to be estimated at its full value in a canvas of considerable dimensions. But we should avoid the mistake of thinking that, simply because Ryder's pictures are generally of modest proportions, this precious quality which is so much a part of their persuasive charm is in any sense a less convincing evidence of his genius as an artist.

His also was the hand of a master in the perfect disposition of forms in his compositions so that the relative weight of the masses is truly and rightly balanced. It is a significant virtue of his work that it embodies, as powerfully as that of almost any painter of his day, an exact sense of the material world which it nevertheless no more resembles than a dream resembles life. He understood the intricacies of arabesque and the rhythm of line as few have understood them, and from the play and interplay of interwoven themes of tone and of touch he evolved several superlatively beautiful designs like the Siegfried and the Rhine Maidens.

Practically all of his product is pervaded by the sentiment of the poet and the dreamer and yet none

HOMEWARD BOUND

COLLECTION OF MR. FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN, NEW YORK

Canvas. 9 inches high, 18 inches wide. Signed lower right, A. P. Ryder. Painted for Capt. John Robinson of the Atlantic Transport Line, 1893 or 94.

MISTY MOONLIGHT

COLLECTION OF MR. C. L. SCHLENS, NEW YORK

Canvas. 11¼ inches high, 11¾ inches wide.

HOMEWARD BOUND

COLLECTION OF MR. FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN, NEW YORK

Canvas, 9 inches high, 18 inches wide. Signed, lower right, A. P. Ryder. Painted for Capt. John Robinson of the Atlantic Transport Line, 1893 or 94.

MISTY MOONLIGHT

COLLECTION OF MR C. L. SCHLEINS, NEW YORK

Canvas, 11¼ inches high, 14¼ inches wide





of it is cheapened by sentimentality. His sentiment has always to do with some vital phenomenon of nature or some serious interest of life, and it is as fine in its integrity as that which one finds in the sonnets of Shakespere. With light such as never was on land or sea it illuminates recognized forms of simple grandeur in themselves and sheds upon accustomed aspects of the earth an unearthly lustre of transcendent beauty. His purpose is rather the presentation of ideals of life that are as far removed from life itself as the stars are from the earth on which we stand. Thus the visible world in his paintings is almost invariably a shadowy world, through which one's mind is led to the contemplation of uplifting and refining ideas, miraculously suggested by modulations of light and shadow as they touch upon the tangible and definite forms which are the foundations of his designs.

His art is a complete expression of himself. His defective technic is as truly a result of his disregard of established procedure in painting as the disorder in which he lived was a result of his disregard of established laws of life. There are obscure passages in his paintings and there were corresponding vagaries in his conduct. Conventions he observed little in art and less in life. He was no more painstaking in his efforts to eliminate the commonplace from his pictures than he was in his elaborate precautions to insure himself against the visitations of idlers and of the merely curious, who interfered with his dreams. Figuratively, if not literally, he lived in another world, and something

of the beauty of that world of the spirit in which he lived invests his work with a spiritual significance more compelling even than its artistic interest. The bare necessities of life sufficed him for living and the simplest forms of thought and motifs of emotion provided all the inspiration and the material he required for his art.

It may be said that the very shadows, in which all but the most elementary forms of his compositions are generally enveloped, really emphasize their meanings by forcing the observer's attention upon their spiritual and emotional content. In them the imagination finds ample scope for exercise unhindered by the interposition of needless detail and unretarded by artistic conventions that interfere with one's intellectual liberty. Everything is ordained to the definite purpose of illustrating the significance of ideas and ideals rather than the patent potency of artistic arrangements complete in themselves. His pictures do not rest the eye. Rather they intrigue one into investigations that lead to surprising and satisfying discoveries, sometimes of momentary formations of thought as fragile and as lovely as the kaleidoscopic mists, and at others of evidences of spiritual beauty as fixed and as permanent as the stars. Any observer who is insensible to the indications of their essential idealism must be forever blind to all that is best in his work, for that is precisely what dignifies it as the work of a master.

Pictures Painted by Albert Pinkham Ryder

If a systematic study of the of the art of any painter, extending over a period of many years and pursued with untiring zeal and painstaking care, is likely to enable one to judge, in a measure accurately, and speak, in a way, with some authority, as to the authenticity of certain pictures, about which there exists no *prima facie* evidence, I may perhaps, without undue presumption, believe that my opinion as to the genuineness of any picture attributed to Albert Ryder is, at least, as good as another's. Certain of the works in the following list of autograph works, which I have examined (marked by an asterisk) have been disputed by others—several, including two whose provenance is complete and beyond question, by a single critic. Any marked 'R' have been very much restored.

Certain motifs Ryder seems never to have tired of. There are numerous variants of the small composition of the boat at sea and of the small square design of the landscape by the sea with or without cattle. He did also many little upright figures in full length, horsemen plodding homeward, horses and cows at pasture, and of almost every other subject he attempted there are several versions.

The moonlight, which is a characteristic element

of much that he did, and the masterly disposition of masses, specially noticeable in the matter of cloud forms in many canvases, most of all, make for that certainty of greatness that marks him as a master. His themes are almost invariably in a minor key and his coloring in the lower register is finely expressive and touches the deeper chords of human emotion. In lighter vein he attempted very little. His mind was generally busy with the serious and significant experiences and possibilities of life and his work is consequently rich with secrets of beauty and of truth, sensed though unseen, intimations of the inevitable, that provide new food for thought and open up illimitable unexplored areas for investigation.

Of his friends among the artists the best judges of Ryder's work and of the authenticity of pictures said to be from his hand are, I believe, Messrs. Alexander Shilling, Albert L. Groll and Elliott Daingerfield. I have perhaps personally examined more of his works than anyone else, and have photographs of one hundred and fifteen, about two thirds of the entire product of his lifetime, including practically all of his important pictures. It would be absurd to presume, I think, that anyone undertook to execute forgeries of his work previous to 1912, as they had still at that time only a small market value, and there would have been no sufficient profit in it to make it worth while. Of recent forgeries I have seen not more than six or seven and they were too poor to deceive anyone at all familiar with his work. The distinguishing marks of

his hand are so unique in the painting of his time in this country that it is not really difficult to determine whether a picture is from his brush. The curious cloud formations and the strange misshapen boat of his marines, the long thin legs and the high-backed saddle of the Arab horse in his Eastern subjects, the peculiar drawing of the raised forefoot of a moving horse, the extreme simplicity of his drawing in landscape and the two schemes of color, brown and blue-green, in which he worked, constitute a sufficient basis for the beginning of a study of his style. The absence of a signature is generally a favorable omen. Some authentic works, I may add, bear forged signatures.

Borough of Brooklyn, New York City

Museum of the Brooklyn Institute

1. The Sheepfold*.....Canvas: H., 8½; W., 10½; S.
2. The Waste of Waters*.....Panel: H., 11½; W., 12; (N. A. 1884).
3. Summer's Fruitful Pasture*.....Panel: H., 7⅝; W., 10.
4. Autumn's Golden Pathway*.....Panel: H., 8⅝; W., 5⅞.
5. Grazing Horse*.....Canvas: H., 10¼; W., 14¼.
6. Horse in Stall*.....Canvas: H., 13¼; W., 10; S., A.P.R.
7. Moonrise*.....Canvas: H., 8½; W., 10½.
8. The Shepherdess*.....Panel: H., 10⅛; W., 6⅞.
9. Evening Glow*.....Canvas: H., 8; W., 9⅛.

Frank L. Babbott

10. Maid of Arcady..Probably No. 139 of this List. Small. (N. A. 1886?)

Boston, Mass.

Messrs. R. C. and N. M. Vose

11. Joan of Arc*.....Canvas: H., 10⅛; W., 7⅛; S.l.l., A. P. Ryder.
12. Pirate's Isle.....Canvas: H., 10¼; W., 28.
13. The Gondola.....Canvas: H., 8¾; W., 26¼.
14. Rosalind and Celia*.....H., 10½; W., 6¾.
15. Elemental Forces*.....Canvas: H., 21¼; W., 32½.

16. Hillside and Pool*.....Canvas: H., 18; W., 22.
17. The Story of the Cross*....Canvas: H., 14; W., 11¼; S.l.l., A. Ryder.
18. The Tempest* (R.).....Canvas: (Unfinished).
19. In Fairyland*.....H., 4⅝; W., 7; S.l.r., A. P. Ryder.

Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy

20. The Wood Road*.....Canvas: H., 6⅜; W., 6⅞; S.l.l., A. P. Ryder.
21. Homeward at Twilight*.....Canvas: H., 8; W., 10.

Buffalo, New York

Museum of Art

22. The Temple of the Mind*,
Panel: H., 17¾; W., 16; S.l.r., Ryder (painted in the early 80's).

Mr. Donald Kellogg

23. Moonrise, Marine*.....Canvas: H., 9¼; W., 11¼.
24. Landscape with Figures.

Carleton, Oregon

Mr. Charles E. Ladd

25. Desdemona*.....Canvas: H., 14¼; W., 10.

Chicago, Illinois

Mr. Ralph Cudney

26. A Sea Tragedy*.....Canvas: H., 15¼; W., 13; (1892).
27. The Smugglers.....Panel: H., 11½; W., 12.
28. The Elegy*.....Academy Board: H., 12¼; W., 10½.
29. Night and the Sea*.....Panel: H., 11⅛; W., 12¼.
30. Hunter's Rest*.....Canvas: H., 14; W., 24.
31. Diana's Hunt*.....Canvas: H., 18; W., 14.

Mr. J. W. Young

32. Golden Twilight*.....Canvas: H., 7; W., 12; S.l.l, A. P. Ryder.
33. White Horse Grazing*.....Panel: H., 11½; W., 17⅝.

Cleveland, Ohio

Mr. and Mrs. Warren P. King

34. Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*,
Canvas: H., 10¼; W., 8½; S.l.l., A. P. Ryder.

Columbus, Ohio

Mr. Ferdinand Howald

35. Returning Home*.....Canvas: H., 7; W., 12.

Detroit, Michigan

Estate of Charles L. Freer

36. The Red Cow*.....Panel: H., 11½; W., 12.

Elmhurst, Long Island, New York

Mrs. Charles Fitzpatrick

37. The Way of the Cross*.....Canvas: H., 14; W., 11¼.

Englewood, New Jersey

Mr. E. N. Bulkley

38. Landscape*.

Minneapolis, Minnesota

Institute of Fine Arts

39. The Peasant's Return..Canvas: H., 12¼; W., 11¼; S.l.l., A. P. Ryder.

Mrs. H. L. Judd

40. Moonlight.....Canvas: H., 9; W., 10½; S.l.l., A. P. Ryder.

Montreal, Canada

Mrs. E. B. Greenshields

41. The Sentimental Journey*,
Canvas: H., 12¼; W., 10; S.l.l., A. P. Ryder.

Lady Van Horne

42. Coustance*.....Canvas: H., 28; W., 35.

43. Siegfried*,
Canvas: H., 19¾; W., 20½; S.l.r., A. P. Ryder; (S. A. A. 1902).

44. Moonlight on the Sea*..Panel: H., 11⅜; W., 15⅝; S.l.r., A. P. Ryder.

Newark, New Jersey

Mr. A. F. Egner

45. Plodding Homeward*,
H., 10¾; W., 16; (S. A. A. 1882. Since altered).

46. Horse Drinking*.....Academy Board: H., 17; W., 20.

New Bedford, Mass.

Mrs. E. N. Ryder

47. Boy Driving Hay Wagon.....Canvas: H., 10½; W., 14½; (early).

New Haven, Connecticut

Mr. Burton Mansfield

48. Moonlight*.....Panel: H., 11½; W., 12⅛; S.l.r., A. P. Ryder.

New York City, New York

Mr. A. W. Bahr

49. Diana*.....Canvas: H., 28¾; W., 19¾.
50. Landscape Sketch*.....H., 5¾; W., 7¼.

Miss Marian Y. Bloodgood

51. Landscape*.....Canvas: H., 10; W., 14; S.l.c., Ryder; (finished 1898).

Mr. Edwin S. Chapin

52. The Last Load*.....Panel: H., 6½; W., 12; S.l.r., A. P. R.

Mrs. Janet H. DeKay

53. Plodding Homeward,
(S. A. A. 1882; Reproduced Century Magazine, June, 1890).

Mr. Charles Melville Dewey

54. Flight into Egypt*.....Canvas: H., 14; W., 11½.
55. Christ and Mary*.....Canvas on panel: H., 14¾; W., 17¾.
56. Forest of Arden*.....Canvas: H., 18; W., 15.
57. Sea and Cliff*.....Canvas: H., 14½; W., 24¼.
58. Homeward Bound*.....Canvas on panel: H., 6⅝; W., 11⅜.
59. Landscape, Moonlight*.....Canvas: H., 12¼; W., 11¾.

A Private Collector

60. Spirit of Spring*.....Canvas: H., 12⅝; W., 17⅛; (sight).

Ferargil Galleries

61. Landscape and Sheep*.....Canvas: H., 19¾; W., 15½; S.l.r., A. P. R.

Mr. John Gellatly

62. Jonah*.....Canvas: H., 27⅛; W., 34⅜; S.l.l., A. P. Ryder; (finished probably in 1885).
63. Christ Appearing to Mary*,
Canvas: H., 14¼; W., 17½; S.l.l., Ryder; (N. A. 1888).
64. The Flying Dutchman*.....Canvas: H., 14¼; W., 17¼.
65. Dancing Dryads*.....Canvas: H., 9; W., 7; S.l.r., A. Ryder.
66. The Sea*.....Canvas: H., 20⅜; W., 18½.
67. Harvest*.....Canvas: H., 26; W., 35⅞.
68. Florizel and Perdita*...Canvas: H., 12¼; W., 7¼; S.l.r., A. P. Ryder.
69. Pegasus* (Departing).....Canvas: H., 14¼; W., 17¼.
70. King Cophetua*.....Canvas: H., 24½; W., 18.

71. The Canal*.....Canvas: H., 16¼; W., 20¼.
72. Landscape with Cattle*.....Canvas: H., 37¼; W., 35⅛.
73. Pastoral Study*.....Canvas: H., 24¼; W., 29½; S.l.r., Ryder.

Mr. Salvator Anthony Guarino

74. Autumn Landscape.....Panel: H., 5¾; W., 8⅝.
75. Pastoral.....H., 7¾; W., 14⅛; S.l.l., Ryder.

Mr. Robert Hosea

76. Moonrise*.....Canvas: H., 7; W., 13.

Messrs. M. Knoedler & Sons

77. Off the Coast of Maine*....Panel: H., 14; W., 13; S.l.l., A. P. Ryder.

Mr. C. W. Kraushaar

78. The White Horse*.....Canvas: H., 8⅛; W., 10.
79. Old Mill by Moonlight*.....Canvas: H., 8; W., 12.
80. The Pasture*.....Canvas: H., 12; W., 15¼; S.l.l., A. P. Ryder.

Mr. Louis A. Lehmair

81. By the Tomb of the Prophet*,
Panel: H., 5¾; W., 11¼; S.l.l., A. Ryder.

Mr. Adolph Lewisohn

82. Mending the Harness*..Canvas: H., 19; W., 22½; S.l.r., A. P. Ryder.

Metropolitan Museum of Art

83. Toilers of the Sea*,
Panel: H., 11⅜; W., 12; S.l.l., A. Ryder; (S. A. A. 1884).
84. The Curfew Hour*,
Canvas: H., 7⅝; W., 10 3/16; S.l.l., A. P. Ryder; (S. A. A. 1882).
85. The Bridge*.....Canvas: H., 9⅞; W., 26⅞.
86. Smugglers' Cove*.....Canvas: H., 10; W., 28.

Mr. N. E. Montross

87. Oriental Camp*.....Canvas: H., 7¼; W., 12; S.l.l., A. Ryder.
88. Moonlight Marine*.....Panel: H., 12; W., 12⅜; S.l.l., A. Ryder.
89. Resurrection*.....Canvas: H., 17⅛; W., 14⅛; (1885).
90. Dead Bird*.....Panel: H., 4⅜; W., 9⅞.
91. At the Ford*.....Panel: H., 12; W., 11⅜; S.l.l., A. Ryder.
92. Fisherman's Cottage*.....Canvas: H., 12; W., 14.

Mrs. Alexander Morten

93. Passing Song*.....Panel: H., 8½; W., 4⅝.
94. Moonlit Cove*.....Canvas: H., 14¼; W., 17.

Mr. George S. Palmer

95. In the Stable*.....Canvas: H., 21; W., 32; S.l.r., Ryder.
96. With Sloping Mast*....Canvas: H., 12; W., 11¼; S.l.l., A. P. Ryder.
97. Autumn Landscape*.....Canvas: H., 18; W., 24; S.l.l.

Mr. Charles C. Rumsey

98. Twilight*.....Panel: H., 5; W., 8½.

Dr. A. T. Sanden

99. Gay Head*.....Canvas: H., 7½; W., 12½.
100. Night*.....Canvas: H., 12¼; W., 20¼; S.l.l., Ryder.
101. Under a Cloud* (R.).....Canvas: H., 20; W., 23¾.
102. Forest of Arden*.....Canvas: H., 19; W., 15; S.l.r., Ryder.
103. Macbeth and the Witches*.....Canvas: H., 28¾; W., 35¾.
104. Weir's Orchard*.....Canvas: H., 16⅞; W., 20⅞.
105. The Race Track*.....Canvas: H., 27¾; W., 35⅛; S.l.l., A. P. Ryder.

Mr. C. L. Schlens

106. Misty Moonlight*.....Canvas on panel: H., 11¼; W., 11¾.
107. The Pond by Moonlight*.....Canvas: H., 12; W., 20.
108. Babes in the Wood*.....Canvas: H., 9; W., 7.

Mrs. Julia Munson Sherman

109. Arcadia*.....Cardboard on panel: H., 11¾; W., 12¾.

Mr. Frederic Fairchild Sherman

110. Arab Camp*.....Canvas: H., 28; W., 24.
111. Ophelia*.....Panel: H., 16; W., 11¾; (N. A. 1887).
112. Homeward Bound* (Marine),
Canvas: H., 9; W., 18; S.l.r., A. Ryder; (1893-4).
113. The Wreck*.....Canvas: H., 12; W., 14¾; (1890).
114. Landscape with Sheep*.....Panel: H., 7¾; W., 9⅞; S.l.r., Ryder.
115. Spirit of Autumn*,
Panel: H., 8 7/16; W., 5¼; S.l.l., A. P. Ryder; (painted in 1875).

Mrs. Lloyd Williams

116. The Lovers*.....Panel: H., 11⅜; W., 7⅞; (S. A. A. 1880).

Northampton, Mass.

Hillyer Art Gallery, Smith College

117. Perette*,
Canvas: H., 12⅞; W., 7⅝; S.l.r., A. P. Ryder; (painted about 1890).

Passaic, New Jersey

Mrs. W. F. Cottier

118. Oak Trees.....Canvas: H., 8⅛; W., 10½; (painted late 80's).

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Mr. John F. Braun

119. Autumn Afternoon*.....Canvas: H., 21; W., 17; (painted late 70's).

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Dr. Robert Milligan

120. Autumn*.....Canvas: H., 6; W., 9¾.

Portland, Oregon

Col. C. E. S. Wood

121. Woman and Staghound.....Panel: H., 11¼; W., 5¾; Signed on back in ink, "A. P. Ryder, 80 E. Washington Square, Benedict."

122. Landscape.....Canvas on panel: H., 9½; W., 11⅞.

Princeton, New Jersey

Prof. Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

123. Moonlight by the Sea*.....Canvas: H., 8; W., 10; S.l.r., A. P. Ryder.

St. Louis, Missouri

City Art Museum

124. The Sisters*..Panel: H., 11⅛; W., 5⅝; (Evans Sale, 1900, "Charity").

Southold, Long Island, New York

Mr. A. H. Cosden

125. The Barnyard*.....Canvas: H., 11¼; W., 12.

Washington, D. C.

National Gallery, Evans Collection

126. Moonlight at Sea*.....Panel: H., 16; W., 17¼.

Mr. Duncan C. Phillips

127. Macbeth and the Witches*.....Canvas on panel: H., 10; W., 10.

128. Smugglers Landing Place*, Panel: H., 12¾; W., 13¾; S.l.r., A. P. Ryder.

Worcester, Mass.

Museum of Art

129. Pegasus (Arriving)*....Panel: H., 12; W., 11⅜; Inscribed on back "Pegasus, painted by Albert P. Ryder for Charles DeKay, 1885."

Youngstown, Ohio

Butler Art Institute

130. Roadside Meeting*..Canvas: H., 15⅛; W., 12⅜; S.l.r., A. P. Ryder.

Miscellaneous

131. Landscape Sketch*,
Panel: H., 9; W., 12⅜; Inscribed lower right by Mr. Brush.
132. The Equestrian*.....Canvas: H., 8¾; W., 11¾.
133. Travelers at Dusk*.....Panel: H., 7; W., 11¼.
134. Sunset Hour*.....Canvas: H., 10; W., 15; S.l.l., A. P. Ryder.
135. The Monastery*.....Canvas: H., 13; W., 9½; S.
136. Moonlight.....H., 11; W., 11; (Conklin Sale, 1905).
137. Sunset Glow*.....Canvas: H., 7¾; W., 9.
138. Moonlight.....H., 18; W., 17; (Evans Sale, 1900).
139. Little Maid of Acadie,
H., 10; W., 5½; (Evans Sale, 1900. N. A. 1886).
140. Stag Hunt.....H., 8; W., 10; (Conklin Sale, 1905).
141. Launce and His Dog.....H., 12; W., 6; (Evans Sale, 1900).
142. St. Agnes Eve.
143. Nourmahal.....(S. A. A. 1880).
144. Stag Drinking*.....Leather: H., 27; W., 18¾; (screen panel).
145. Stag and Two Does*.....Leather: H., 27; W., 18¾; (screen panel).
146. The Sisters*.....H., 12; W., 6; (Evans Sale, 1900).
147. The Lorelei*.....(Unfinished).
148. Landscape, Late Afternoon.....(Reproduced Century Magazine,
June, 1890, as the property of James B. Inglis).
149. Girl in Landscape,
(Reproduced New Bedford Standard, June 10th, 1917).
150. Late Afternoon*.....H., 10; W., 9¼; (Morten Sale, 1919).
151. The Pond*.....H., 12¼; W., 16¾; (Morten Sale, 1919).

BIBLIOGRAPHY

A Modern Colorist. Albert Pinkham Ryder. By Henry Eckford. Illustrated. The Century Magazine, June, 1890.

A Painter of Dreams. By Joseph Lewis French. Illustrated. The Broadway Magazine, September, 1905.

Paragraphs from the Studio of a Recluse. By Albert P. Ryder. The Broadway Magazine, September, 1905.

The History of American Painting. By Samuel Isham. 8vo. Illustrated. N. Y., 1905 (pp. 394, 446-7).

The Story of American Painting. By Charles Caffin. 8vo. Illustrated. N. Y., 1907 (pp. 218, 221).

The Art of Albert P. Ryder. By Roger E. Fry. Illustrated. The Burlington Magazine. April, 1908.

On Albert P. Ryder. By Walter Pach. Illustrated. The Field of Art, Scribner's Magazine, January, 1911.

Albert Ryder. By Duncan Phillips. Illustrated. The American Magazine of Art, August, 1916.

Forbes Watson in the N. Y. Evening Post, March 31, 1917.

Henry McBride in the N. Y. Sun, April 1, 1917.

The Romantic Spirit in American Art. By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. The Nation, April 12, 1917.

Jeanne Judson in the N. Y. Sun, April 29, 1917.

Albert P. Ryder. By Marsden Hartley. The Seven Arts, May, 1917.

New Bedford's Painter of Dreams. By David M. Cheney. Illustrated. The New Bedford Standard. June 10, 1917.

Albert Pinkham Ryder, Artist and Dreamer. By Elliott Daingerfield. Illustrated. The Field of Art, Scribner's Magazine, March, 1918.

Catalogue of the Memorial Exhibition of the Works of Albert P. Ryder. Metropolitan Museum of Art, March 11-April 14, 1918. Illustrated. Wrappers. 16mo. N. Y., 1918.

Albert Ryder. By Leo Stein. The New Republic, April 27, 1918.

Albert Pinkham Ryder; An Appreciation. By Walter deS. Beck. The International Studio, April, 1920.

PAINTINGS SHOWN BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITIONS

1873 Clearing Away

1876 Cattle Piece

1881 Landscape and Figures

1882 Landscape

1883 Landscape

1883 Landscape and Figure (Autumn exhibition)

1884 The Waste of Waters is their Field (Now in Brooklyn Museum)

1886 Little Maid of Arcady (Now in Collection of Mr. Frank L. Babbott?)

1886 Smugglers (Autumn exhibition)

1887 Figure Composition

1887 Ophelia (Autumn exhibition) (Now in Collection of the Author)

1888 Christ Appearing to Mary (Now in Collection of Mr. John Gellatly)

PAINTINGS SHOWN BY ALBERT PINKHAM RYDER AT EXHIBITIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS

1878 Landscape

1879 Market Horse
The Chase
Landscape and Figures
In the Wood
Spring

1880 Chill November
Moonlight
Two Lovers (Now in possession of Mrs. Lloyd Williams)
Nourmahal
An Eastern Scene
Study

1881 Moonlight

1882 Curfew Hour (Now in Metropolitan Museum, New York)
Homeward Plodding (Collection of Mr. A. F. Egner)

1883 Landscape
Moonlight

1884 Marine (Now in Hearn Collection, Metropolitan Museum)

1886 Moonlight

1887 Moonlight

1902 Siegfried (Now in the Van Horne Collection, Montreal)

PAINTINGS SHOWN AT THE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION OF WORKS AT METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK. MARCH 11 TO APRIL 14, 1918

PICTURE	LENT BY
In the Stable	George S. Palmer
Roadside Meeting	R. C. and N. M. Vose
The White Horse	N. E. Montross
Mending the Harness	Adolph Lewisohn
The Canal	John Gellatly
Joan of Arc	R. C. and N. M. Vose
The Pasture	Dr. Dudley Tenney
Oriental Camp	N. E. Montross
The Red Cow	Charles L. Freer
The Wood Road	R. C. & N. M. Vose
At the Ford	N. E. Montross
The Curfew Hour	Metropolitan Museum
Passing Song	Mrs. Alexander Morten
Perette	Hillyer Art Gallery
The Lovers	Mrs. Lloyd Williams
Moonrise, Marine	A. T. Sanden
Gay Head	A. T. Sanden
Florizel and Perdita	John Gellatly
Resurrection	N. E. Montross
Flying Dutchman	John Gellatly
Dancing Dryads	N. E. Montross
Harvest	John Gellatly
Pastoral Study	John Gellatly
Night	A. T. Sanden
Night and the Sea	Charles Melville Dewey
Pegasus	Mrs. Alexander Morten
Pegasus	John Gellatly
Moonlight	Burton Mansfield
The Sea	John Gellatly
Moonlight, Marine	N. E. Montross
The Dead Bird	N. E. Montross
Diana's Hunt	Charles Melville Dewey
Under a Cloud	A. T. Sanden
Moonlight Cove	Mrs. Alexander Morten

Toilers of the Sea	Metropolitan Museum
Jonah	Col. C. E. S. Wood
Temple of the Mind	R. B. Angus
Forest of Arden	A. T. Sanden
Siegfried	Lady Van Horne
Desdemona	Charles E. Ladd
Macbeth and the Witches	A. T. Sanden
The Sentimental Journey	Mrs. E. B. Greenshields
Coustance	Lady Van Horne
The Flight into Egypt	Charles Melville Dewey
The Way of the Cross	Mrs. Charles Fitzpatrick
Weir's Orchard	A. T. Sanden
King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid	John Gellatly
The Race Track	A. T. Sanden

TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE COPIES OF THIS
BOOK ON DUTCH HANDMADE PAPER PRIVATELY
PRINTED BY FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN



GETTY RESEARCH INSTITUTE
3 3125 01360 3093